

# RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA – C

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**CAB** (shortened about 1825 from the Fr. cabriolet, derived from cabriole, implying a bounding motion), a form of horsed vehicle for passengers either with two ("hansom") or four wheels ("four-wheeler" or "growler"), introduced into London as the cabriolet de place, from Paris in 1820 (see Carriage). Other vehicles plying for hire and driven by mechanical means are included in the definition of the word "cab" in the London Cab and Stage Carriage Act 1007. The term "cab" is also applied to the driver's or stoker's shelter on a locomotive-engine.

Cabs, or hackney carriages, as they are called in English acts of parliament, are regulated in the United Kingdom by a variety of statutes. In London the principal acts are the Hackney Carriage Acts of 1831-1853, the Metropolitan Public Carriages Act 1869, the London Cab Act 1896 and the London Cab and Stage Carriage Act 1907. In other large British towns cabs are usually regulated by private acts which incorporate the Town Police Clauses Act 1847, an act which contains provisions more or less similar to the London acts. The act of 1869 defined a hackney carriage as any carriage for the conveyance of passengers which plies for hire within the metropolitan police district and is not a stage coach, i.e. a conveyance in which the passengers are charged separate and distinct fares for their seats. Every cab must be licensed by a licence renewable every year by the home secretary, the licence being issued by the

commissioner of police. Every cab before being licensed must be inspected at the police station of the district by the inspector of public carriages, and certified by him to be in a fit condition for public use. The licence costs £2. The number of persons which the cab is licensed to carry must be painted at the back on the outside. It must carry a lighted lamp during the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. The cab must be under the charge of a driver having a licence from the home secretary. A driver before obtaining a licence, which costs five shillings per annum, must pass an examination as to his ability to drive and as to his knowledge of the topography of London.

General regulations with regard to fares and hiring may be made from time to time by the home secretary under the London Cab and Stage Carriage Act 1907. The hiring is by distance or by time as the hirer may decide at the beginning of the hiring; if not otherwise expressed the fare is paid according to distance. If a driver is hired by distance he is not compelled to drive more than six miles, and if hired by time he is not compelled to drive for more than one hour. When a cab is hired in London by distance, and discharged within a circle the radius of which is four miles (the centre being taken at Charing Cross), the fare is one shilling for any distance not exceeding two miles, and sixpence for every additional mile or part of a mile. Outside the circle the fare for each mile, or part of a mile, is one shilling. When a cab is hired by time, the fare (inside or outside the circle) is two shillings and sixpence for the first hour, and eightpence for every quarter of an hour afterwards. Extra payment has to be made for luggage (twopence per piece outside), for extra passengers (sixpence each for more than two), and for waiting

(eightpence each completed quarter of an hour). If a horse cab is fitted with a taximeter (vide infra) the fare for a journey wholly within or partly without and partly within the four-mile radius, and not exceeding one mile or a period of ten minutes, is sixpence. For each half mile or six minutes an additional threepence is paid. If the journey is wholly without the four-mile radius the fare for the first mile is one shilling, and for each additional quarter of a mile or period of three minutes, threepence is paid. If the cab is one propelled by mechanical means the fare for a journey not [v.04 p.0913]exceeding one mile or a period of ten minutes is eightpence, and for every additional quarter mile or period of 2½ minutes twopence is paid. A driver required to wait may demand a reasonable sum as a deposit and also payment of the sum which he has already earned. The London Cab Act 1896 (by which for the first time legal sanction was given to the word "cab") made an important change in the law in the interest of cabdrivers. It renders liable to a penalty on summary conviction any person who (a) hires a cab knowing or having reason to believe that he cannot pay the lawful fare, or with intent to avoid payment; (b) fraudulently endeavours to avoid payment; (c) refuses to pay or refuses to give his address, or gives a false address with intent to deceive. The offences mentioned (generally known as "bilking") may be punished by imprisonment without the option of a fine, and the whole or any part of the fine imposed may be applied in compensation to the driver.

Strictly speaking, it is an offence for a cab to ply for hire when not waiting on an authorized "standing," but cabs passing in the street for this purpose are not deemed to be "plying for hire." These stands for cabs are appointed by the commissioner of police or the home secretary. "Privileged cabs" is the designation given to those cabs which by virtue of a contract between a railway company and a number of cab-owners are

alone admitted to ply for hire within a company's station, until they are all engaged, on condition (1) of paying a certain weekly or annual sum, and (2) of guaranteeing to have cabs in attendance at all hours. This system was abolished by the act of 1907, but the home secretary was empowered to suspend or modify the abolition if it should interfere with the proper accommodation of the public.

At one time there was much discussion in England as to the desirability of legalizing on cabs the use of a mechanical fare-recorder such as, under the name of taximeter or taxameter, is in general use on the continent of Europe. It is now universal on hackney carriages propelled by mechanical means, and it has also extended largely to those drawn by animal power. A taximeter consists of a securely closed and sealed metal box containing a mechanism actuated by a flexible shaft connected with the wheel of the vehicle, in the same manner as the speedometer on a motor car. It has, within plain view of the passenger, a number of apertures in which appear figures showing the amount payable at any time. A small lever, with a metal flag, bearing the words "for hire" stands upright upon it when the cab is disengaged. As soon as a passenger enters the cab the lever is depressed by the driver and the recording mechanism starts. At the end of the journey the figures upon the dials show exactly the sum payable for hire; this sum is based on a combination of time and distance.

**CABINET**, a word with various applications which may be traced to two principal meanings, (1) a small private chamber, and (2) an article of furniture containing compartments formed of drawers, shelves, &c. The word is a diminutive of "cabin" and therefore properly means a small hut or shelter. This meaning is now obsolete; the New English Dictionary quotes from Leonard Digges's *Stratoticos* (published with additions by his son

Thomas in 1579), "the Lance Knights encamp always in the field very strongly, two or three to a Cabbonet." From the use both of the article of furniture and of a small chamber for the safe-keeping of a collection of valuable prints, pictures, medals or other objects, the word is frequently applied to such a collection or to objects fit for such safe-keeping. The name of Cabinet du Roi was given to the collection of prints prepared by the best artists of the 17th century by order of Louis XIV. These were intended to commemorate the chief events of his reign, and also to reproduce the paintings and sculptures and other art treasures contained in the royal palaces. It was begun in 1667 and was placed under the superintendence of Nicholas Clement (1647 or 1651-1712), the royal librarian. The collection was published in 1727. The plates are now in the Louvre. A "cabinet" edition [v.04 p.0918] of a literary work is one of somewhat small size, and bound in such a way as would suit a tasteful collection. The term is applied also to a size of photograph of a larger size than the carte de visite but smaller than the "panel." The political use of the term is derived from the private chamber of the sovereign or head of a state in which his advisers met.

**Cabinet in Furniture.**—The artificer who constructs furniture is still called a "cabinet-maker," although the manufacture of cabinets, properly so called, is now a very occasional part of his work. Cabinets can be divided into a very large number of classes according to their shape, style, period and country of origin; but their usual characteristic is that they are supported upon a stand, and that they contain a series of drawers and pigeon-holes. The name is, however, now given to many pieces of furniture for the safe-keeping or exhibition of valuable objects, which really answer very little to the old conception of a cabinet. The cabinet represented an evolution brought about by the necessities of convenience, and it appealed to so many tastes and needs that it

rapidly became universal in the houses of the gentle classes, and in great measure took the impress of the peoples who adopted it. It would appear to have originated in Italy, probably at the very beginning of the 16th century. In its rudimentary form it was little more than an oblong box, with or without feet, small enough to stand upon a table or chair, filled with drawers and closed with doors. In this early form its restricted dimensions permitted of its use only for the safeguard of jewels, precious stones and sometimes money. One of the earliest cabinets of which we have mention belonged to Francis I. of France, and is described as covered with gilt leather, tooled with mauresque work. As the Renaissance became general these early forms gave place to larger, more elaborate and more architectural efforts, until the cabinet became one of the most sumptuous of household adornments. It was natural that the countries which were earliest and most deeply touched by the Renaissance should excel in the designing of these noble and costly pieces of furniture. The cabinets of Italy, France and the Netherlands were especially rich and monumental. Those of Italy and Flanders are often of great magnificence and of real artistic skill, though like all other furniture their style was often grievously debased, and their details incongruous and bizarre. Flanders and Burgundy were, indeed, their lands of adoption, and Antwerp added to its renown as a metropolis of art by developing consummate skill in their manufacture and adornment. The cost and importance of the finer types have ensured the preservation of innumerable examples of all but the very earliest periods; and the student never ceases to be impressed by the extraordinary variety of the work of the 16th and 17th centuries, and very often of the 18th also. The basis of the cabinet has always been wood, carved, polished or inlaid; but lavish use has been made of ivory, tortoise-shell, and those cut and polished precious stones which the Italians call *pietra dura*. In the great Flemish period of the 17th

century the doors and drawers of cabinets were often painted with classical or mythological scenes. Many French and Florentine cabinets were also painted. In many classes the drawers and pigeon-holes are enclosed by folding doors, carved or inlaid, and often painted on the inner sides. Perhaps the most favourite type during a great part of the 16th and 17th centuries—a type which grew so common that it became cosmopolitan—was characterized by a conceit which acquired astonishing popularity. When the folding doors are opened there is disclosed in the centre of the cabinet a tiny but palatial interior. Floored with alternate squares of ebony and ivory to imitate a black and white marble pavement, adorned with Corinthian columns or pilasters, and surrounded by mirrors, the effect, if occasionally affected and artificial, is quite as often exquisite. Although cabinets have been produced in England in considerable variety, and sometimes of very elegant and graceful form, the foreign makers on the whole produced the most elaborate and monumental examples. As we have said, Italy and the Netherlands acquired especial distinction in this kind of work. In France, which has always enjoyed a peculiar genius for assimilating modes in furniture, Flemish cabinets were so greatly in demand that Henry IV. determined to establish the industry in his own dominions. He therefore sent French workmen to the Low Countries to acquire the art of making cabinets, and especially those which were largely constructed of ebony and ivory. Among these workmen were Jean Macé and Pierre Boulle, a member of a family which was destined to acquire something approaching immortality. Many of the Flemish cabinets so called, which were in such high favour in France and also in England, were really armoires consisting of two bodies superimposed, whereas the cabinet proper does not reach to the floor. Pillared and fluted, with panelled sides, and front elaborately carved with masks and human figures, these pieces which were most often in oak were exceedingly harmonious and balanced.

Long before this, however, France had its own school of makers of cabinets, and some of their carved work was of the most admirable character. At a somewhat later date André Charles Boulle made many pieces to which the name of cabinet has been more or less loosely given. They were usually of massive proportions and of extreme elaboration of marquetry. The North Italian cabinets, and especially those which were made or influenced by the Florentine school, were grandiose and often gloomy. Conceived on a palatial scale, painted or carved, or incrustated with marble and pietra dura, they were intended for the adornment of galleries and lofty bare apartments where they were not felt to be overpowering. These North Italian cabinets were often covered with intarsia or marquetry, which by its subdued gaiety retrieved somewhat their heavy stateliness of form. It is, however, often difficult to ascribe a particular fashion of shape or of workmanship to a given country, since the interchange of ideas and the imports of actual pieces caused a rapid assimilation which destroyed frontiers. The close connexion of centuries between Spain and the Netherlands, for instance, led to the production north and south of work that was not definitely characteristic of either. Spain, however, was more closely influenced than the Low Countries, and contains to this day numbers of cabinets which are not easily to be distinguished from the characteristic ebony, ivory and tortoise-shell work of the craftsmen whose skill was so rapidly acquired by the emissaries of Henry IV. The cabinets of southern Germany were much influenced by the models of northern Italy, but retained to a late date some of the characteristics of domestic Gothic work such as elaborately fashioned wrought-iron handles and polished steel hinges. Often, indeed, 17th-century South Germany work is a curious blend of Flemish and Italian ideas executed in oak and Hungarian ash. Such work, however interesting, necessarily lacks simplicity and repose. A curious little

detail of Flemish and Italian, and sometimes of French later 17th-century cabinets, is that the interiors of the drawers are often lined with stamped gold or silver paper, or marbled ones somewhat similar to the "end papers" of old books. The great English cabinet-makers of the 18th century were very various in their cabinets, which did not always answer strictly to their name; but as a rule they will not bear comparison with the native work of the preceding century, which was most commonly executed in richly marked walnut, frequently enriched with excellent marquetry of woods. Mahogany was the dominating timber in English furniture from the accession of George II. almost to the time of the Napoleonic wars; but many cabinets were made in lacquer or in the bright-hued foreign woods which did so much to give lightness and grace to the British style. The glass-fronted cabinet for China or glass was in high favour in the Georgian period, and for pieces of that type, for which massiveness would have been inappropriate, satin and tulip woods, and other timbers with a handsome grain taking a high polish were much used.

(J. P.-B.)

**The Political Cabinet.**—Among English political institutions, the "Cabinet" is a conventional but not a legal term employed to describe those members of the privy council who fill the highest executive offices in the state, and by their concerted policy direct the government, and are responsible for all the acts of the crown. The cabinet now always includes the persons filling the following offices, who are therefore called "cabinet ministers," viz.:—the first lord of the treasury, the lord chancellor of England, the lord president of the council, the lord privy seal, the five secretaries of state, the chancellor of the exchequer [v.04 p.0919] and the first lord of the admiralty. The chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, the postmaster-general, the first commissioner of works, the president of the board

of trade, the chief secretary for Ireland, the lord chancellor of Ireland, the president of the local government board, the president of the board of agriculture, and the president of the board of education, are usually members of the cabinet, but not necessarily so. A modern cabinet contains from sixteen to twenty members. It used to be said that a large cabinet is an evil; and the increase in its numbers in recent years has often been criticized. But the modern widening of the franchise has tended to give the cabinet the character of an executive committee for the party in power, no less than that of the prime-minister's consultative committee, and to make such a committee representative it is necessary to include the holders of all the more important offices in the administration, who are generally selected as the influential politicians of the party rather than for special aptitude in the work of the departments.

The word "cabinet," or "cabinet council," was originally employed as a term of reproach. Thus Lord Bacon says, in his essay *Of Counsel* (xx.), "The doctrine of Italy and practice of France, in some kings' times, hath introduced cabinet councils—a remedy worse than the disease"; and, again, "As for cabinet councils, it may be their motto *Plenus rimarum sum*." Lord Clarendon—after stating that, in 1640, when the great Council of Peers was convened by the king at York, the burden of affairs rested principally on Laud, Strafford and Cottington, with five or six others added to them on account of their official position and ability—adds, "These persons made up the committee of state, which was reproachfully after called the Juncto, and enviously then in court the Cabinet Council." And in the Second Remonstrance in January 1642, parliament complained "of the managing of the great affairs of the realm in Cabinet Councils by men unknown and not publicly trusted." But this use of the term, though historically curious, has in truth nothing in common with the modern application of it. It meant, at that time, the

employment of a select body of favourites by the king, who were supposed to possess a larger share of his confidence than the privy council at large. Under the Tudors, at least from the later years of Henry VIII. and under the Stuarts, the privy council was the council of state or government. During the Commonwealth it assumed that name.

The Cabinet Council, properly so called, dates from the reign of William III. and from the year 1693, for it was not until some years after the Revolution that the king discovered and adopted the two fundamental principles of a constitutional executive government, namely, that a ministry should consist of statesmen holding the same political principles and identified with each other; and, secondly, that the ministry should stand upon a parliamentary basis, that is, that it must command and retain the majority of votes in the legislature. It was long before these principles were thoroughly worked out and understood, and the perfection to which they have been brought in modern times is the result of time, experience and in part of accident. But the result is that the cabinet council for the time being is the government of Great Britain; that all the powers vested in the sovereign (with one or two exceptions) are practically exercised by the members of this body; that all the members of the cabinet are jointly and severally responsible for all its measures, for if differences of opinion arise their existence is unknown as long as the cabinet lasts—when publicly manifested the cabinet is at an end; and lastly, that the cabinet, being responsible to the sovereign for the conduct of executive business, is also collectively responsible to parliament both for its executive conduct and for its legislative measures, the same men being as members of the cabinet the servants of the crown, and as members of parliament and leaders of the majority responsible to those who support them by their votes and may challenge in debate every one of their actions. In this latter sense the cabinet has

sometimes been described as a standing committee of both Houses of Parliament.

One of the consequences of the close connexion of the cabinet with the legislature is that it is desirable to divide the strength of the ministry between the two Houses of Parliament. Pitt's cabinet of 1783 consisted of himself in the House of Commons and

seven peers. But so aristocratic a government would now be impracticable. In Gladstone's cabinet of 1868, eight, and afterwards nine, ministers were in the House of Commons and six in the House of Lords. Great efforts were made to strengthen the

ministerial bench in the Commons, and a new principle was introduced, that the representatives of what are called the spending departments—that is, the secretary of state for war and the first lord of the admiralty—should, if possible, be members of the House which votes the supplies. Disraeli followed this precedent but it has since been disregarded. In Sir H.

Campbell-Bannerman's cabinet formed in 1905, six ministers were in the House of Lords and thirteen in the House of Commons.

Cabinets are usually convoked by a summons addressed to "His Majesty's confidential servants" by the prime minister; and the ordinary place of meeting is either at the official residence of the first lord of the treasury in Downing Street or at the foreign office, but they may be held anywhere. No secretary or other officer is present at the deliberations of this council. No official record is kept of its proceedings, and it is even considered a breach of ministerial confidence to keep a private record of what passed in the cabinet, inasmuch as such memoranda may fall into other hands. But on some important occasions, as is known from the Memoirs of Lord Sidmouth, the Correspondence of Earl Grey with King William IV., and from Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs, published by permission of Queen Victoria, cabinet minutes are drawn up and submitted to the sovereign, as the most

formal manner in which the advice of the ministry can be tendered to the crown and placed upon record. (See also Sir Algernon West's Recollections, 1899.) More commonly, it is the duty of the prime minister to lay the collective opinion of his colleagues before the sovereign, and take his pleasure on public measures and appointments. The sovereign never presides at a cabinet; and at the meetings of the privy council, where the sovereign does preside, the business is purely formal. It has been laid down by some writers as a principle of the British constitution that the sovereign is never present at a discussion between the advisers of the crown; and this is, no doubt, an established fact and practice. But like many other political usages of Great Britain it originated in a happy accident.

King William and Queen Anne always presided at weekly cabinet councils. But when the Hanoverian princes ascended the throne, they knew no English, and were barely able to converse at all with their ministers; for George I. or George II. to take part in, or even to listen to, a debate in council was impossible. When George III. mounted the throne the practice of the independent deliberations of the cabinet was well established, and it has never been departed from.

Upon the resignation or dissolution of a ministry, the sovereign exercises the undoubted prerogative of selecting the person who may be thought by him most fit to form a new cabinet. In several instances the statesmen selected by the crown have found themselves unable to accomplish the task confided to them. But in more favourable cases the minister chosen for this supreme office by the crown has the power of distributing all the political offices of the government as may seem best to himself, subject only to the ultimate approval of the sovereign. The prime minister is therefore in reality the author and constructor of the cabinet; he holds it together; and in the event of his retirement, from whatever cause, the cabinet is

really dissolved, even though its members are again united under another head.

Authorities.—Sir W. Anson, *Law and Custom of the Constitution* (1896); W. Bagehot, *The English Constitution*; M.T. Blauvelt, *The Development of Cabinet Government in England* (New York, 1902); E. Boutmy, *The English Constitution* (trans. I.M. Eaden, 1891); A. Lawrence Lowell, *The Government of England* (1908), part I.; A.V. Dicey, *Law of the Constitution* (1902); Sir T. Erskine May, *Constitutional History of England* (1863-1865); H. Hallam, *Constitutional History of England*; W.E. Hearn, *The Government of England* (1867); S. Low, *The Governance of England* (1904); W. Stubbs, *Constitutional History of England*; Hannis Taylor, *Origin and Growth of the English Constitution* (Boston, 1889-1900); [v.04 p.0920]A. Todd, *Parliamentary Government in England* (1867-1869); much valuable information will also be found in such works as W.E. Gladstone's *Gleanings*; the third earl of Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an ex-Minister* (1884-1885); Greville's *Memoirs*; Sir A. West's *Recollections, 1832-1886* (1889), &c.

#### **CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON** (1844- )

American author, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on the 12th of October 1844. At the age of fourteen he entered a mercantile establishment as a clerk; joined the Confederate army (4th Mississippi Cavalry) at the age of nineteen; at the close of the war engaged in civil engineering, and in newspaper work in New Orleans; and first became known in literature by sketches and stories of old French-American life in that city. These were first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and were collected in book form in 1879, under the title of *Old Creole Days*. The characteristics of the series—of which the novelette *Madame Delphine* (1881) is virtually a part—are neatness of touch, sympathetic accuracy of description of people and places, and a constant combination of gentle pathos with quiet humour. These shorter tales were

followed by the novels *The Grandissimes* (1880), *Dr Sevier* (1883) and *Bonaventure* (1888), of which the first dealt with Creole life in Louisiana a hundred years ago, while the second was related to the period of the Civil War of 1861-65. *Dr Sevier*, on the whole, is to be accounted Cable's masterpiece, its character of Narcisse combining nearly all the qualities which have given him his place in American literature as an artist and a social chronicler. In this, as in nearly all of his stories, he makes much use of the soft French-English dialect of Louisiana. He does not confine himself to New Orleans, laying many of his scenes, as in the short story *Belles Demoiselles Plantation*, in the marshy lowlands towards the mouth of the Mississippi. Cable was the leader in the noteworthy literary movement which has influenced nearly all southern writers since the war of 1861—a movement of which the chief importance lay in the determination to portray local scenes, characters and historical episodes with accuracy instead of merely imaginative romanticism, and to interest readers by fidelity and sympathy in the portrayal of things well known to the authors. Other writings by Cable have dealt with various problems of race and politics in the southern states during and after the "reconstruction period" following the Civil War; while in *The Creoles of Louisiana* (1884) he presented a history of that folk from the time of its appearance as a social and military factor. His dispassionate treatment of his theme in this volume and its predecessors gave increasing offence to sensitive Creoles and their sympathizers, and in 1886 Cable removed to Northampton, Massachusetts. At one time he edited a magazine in Northampton, and afterwards conducted the monthly *Current Literature*, published in New York. His *Collected Works* were published in a uniform issue in 5 vols. (New York, 1898). Among his later volumes are *The Cavalier* (1901), *Bylow Hill* (1902), and *Kincaid's Battery* (1908).

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## CARE OF THE CHILD

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We do not propose in this chapter to describe the duties of a midwife or wet nurse, but only to point out how the child should be cared for after birth. Those who have read the foregoing chapters need not be told how injurious it is to keep the mother during the period of confinement in a dark and ill-ventilated closet and to make her lie on a dirty bed with a fire underneath. These practices, however time-honoured they may be, are nevertheless fraught with dangerous consequences. No doubt, during the cold season, the mother should be kept warm, but this is best done by using good blankets. If the apartment is too cold and a fire has to be kept, it must be lighted outside and only brought in when all the smoke has disappeared, and even then it should not be kept under the cot on which she lies. Warmth may also be given by keeping bottles of hot water on the bed. All the clothes and sheets should be thoroughly cleansed after child-birth, and before being used again.

As the health of the child will depend entirely on that of the mother, special attention must be paid to her diet and mode of living. If she is



fed on wheat, with plenty of good fruits like the plantain, and olive oil she would feel warm and strong, and have plenty of milk. Olive oil gives aperient properties to the mother's milk, and thus serves to keep the child free from constipation. If the child is unwell, attention must be turned to the state of the mother's health. Administering drugs to the child is as good as murdering it, for the child with its delicate constitution, easily succumbs to their poisonous effects. Hence the medicine should be administered to the mother, so that its beneficial properties may be transmitted to the child through her milk. If the child suffers, as it often does, from cough or loose bowels, there is no cause for alarm; we should wait for a day or so, and try to get at the root of the trouble, and then remove it. Making fuss over it and falling into a panic only makes matters worse.

The child should invariably be bathed in tepid water. Its clothing should be as little as possible; for a few months it is best to have none at all. The child should be laid on a thin soft white sheet and covered with a warm cloth. This will obviate the need for the use of shirts, prevent the clothes from getting dirty, and make the child hardy and strong. A fine piece of cloth folded into four should be placed over the navel-string, and kept in position by a band over it. The practice of tying a thread to the navel-string and hanging it round the neck is highly injurious. The navel-band should be kept loose. If the part round the navel be moist, fine well-sifted flour may be gently applied over it.

As long as the supply of the mother's milk is sufficient, the child should be fed exclusively on it; but, when it gets insufficient, fried wheat well powdered, and mixed with hot water and a little of jaggery, may be used as a substitute with quite good results. Half a plantain well mashed and mixed with half a spoonful of olive oil is also particularly beneficial. If cow's milk has to be given, it should at first be mixed with water in the proportion of three to one, and then heated until it just begins to boil, when a little of pure jaggery should also be added. The use of sugar instead of jaggery is harmful. The child should gradually be accustomed to a fruit-diet, so that its blood may be kept pure from the very beginning, and it may grow manly and bright. Those mothers who begin to feed their children on things like rice, vegetables and \_dhal\_, as soon as or even before its teeth have appeared, are doing them infinite harm. Needless to say, coffee and tea should be strictly eschewed.

When the child has grown big enough to walk, it may be clothed with \_kurta\_ and the like, but its feet should still be kept bare, so that it may be free to roam about at will. The use of shoes prevents the free circulation of blood and the development of hardy feet and legs. Dressing the child in silk or lace cloths, with cap and coat, and ornaments, is a barbarous practice. Our attempt to enhance by such ridiculous means the beauty that Nature has given, only bespeaks our

vanity and ignorance. We should always remember that the education of the child really begins from its very birth, and is best given by the parents themselves. The use of threats and punishments, and the practice of gorging the children with food, are an outrage on the principles of true education. As the old saying has it, "like parent, like child"; hence the example and practice of the parents necessarily shape the conduct and character of the children. If they are weaklings, their children also grow up weak and delicate; if they talk clearly and distinctly, so too will the children; but if they talk with a lisp, the children will also learn to do so. If they use foul language, or are addicted to bad habits, the children necessarily imitate them, and develop into bad characters. In fact, there is no field of human activity in which the child does not imitate the example of its parents.

We see, then, how heavy is the responsibility that rests on the shoulders of parents. The very first duty of a man is to give such education to his children as will make them honest and truthful, and an ornament to the society in which they live. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the offspring invariably takes after the parent. Man alone has violated this law of Nature. It is only among men that we see such incongruities as vicious children being born to virtuous parents, or sickly ones to the healthy. This is due to the fact that we thoughtlessly become parents when we are not mature enough to assume the responsibilities of that position. It is the solemn duty of all virtuous parents to train their children in noble ways. This requires that both the father and the mother should themselves have received a sound education. Where the parents lack such education and are aware of their imperfections, it is their duty to entrust their children to the care of proper guardians. It is foolish to expect that a high character can be developed in the children by merely sending them to school. Where the training given at school is inconsistent with that given at home, there can be no hope of improvement for the child.

As already pointed out, the true education of the child begins from the very moment of its birth. The rudiments of knowledge are imbibed almost in the course of play. This, indeed, was the ancient tradition; the practice of sending children to school is a growth of yesterday. If only the parents would do their duty by their children, there would be no limit to the possibilities of their advancement. But, in fact, we make playthings of our children. We deck their persons with fine clothes and jewels, we gorge them with sweetmeats, and spoil them from their very infancy by fondlings and caresses. We let them go unchecked on their way in our false affection for them. Being ourselves miserly, sensuous, dishonest, slothful and uncleanly, is it to be wondered at that our children should follow in our foot steps, and turn out weak and vicious, selfish and slothful, sensuous and immoral? Let all thoughtful parents ponder well over these matters; for on them depends the future of our land.

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## CRATER LAKE'S BOWL OF INDIGO

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CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, SOUTHWESTERN OREGON. AREA, 249 SQUARE MILES

Crater Lake is in southwestern Oregon among the Cascade Mountains, and is reached by an automobile ride of several hours from Medford. The government information circular calls it "the deepest and bluest lake in the world." Advertising circulars praise it in choicest professional phrase. Its beauty is described as exceeding that of any other lake in all the world. Never was blue so wonderful as the blue of these waters; never were waters so deep as its two thousand feet.

Lured by this eloquence the traveller goes to Crater Lake and finds it all as promised--in fact, far better than promised, for the best intended adjectives, even when winged by the energetic pen of the most talented ad writer, cannot begin to convey the glowing, changing, mysterious loveliness of this lake of unbelievable beauty. In fact, the tourist, with expectation at fever-heat by the time he steps from the auto-stage upon the crater rim, is silenced as much by astonishment as by admiration.

Before him lies a crater of pale pearly lava several miles in diameter. A thousand feet below its rim is a lake whose farthest blues vie in delicacy with the horizon lavas, and deepen as they approach till at his feet they turn to almost black. There is nothing with which to compare the near-by blue looked sharply down upon from Crater's rim. The deepest indigo is nearest its intensity, but at certain angles falls far short.

Nor is it only the color which affects him so strongly; its kind is something new, startling, and altogether lovely. Its surface, so magically framed and tinted, is broken by fleeting silver wind-streaks here and there; otherwise, it has the vast stillness which we associate with the Grand Canyon and the sky at night. The lava walls are pearly, faintly blue afar off, graying and daubed with many colors nearer by. Pinks, purples, brick-reds, sulphurs, orange-yellows and many intermediates streak and splash the foreground gray. And often pine-green forests fringe the rim, and funnel down sharply tilted canyons to the water's edge; and sometimes shrubs of livelier green find foothold on the gentler slopes, and, spreading, paint bright patches. Over all, shutting down and around it like a giant bowl, is a sky of Californian blue overhead softening to the pearl of the horizon. A wonder spectacle indeed!

And then our tourist, recovering from his trance, walks upon the rim and descends the trail to the water's edge to join a launch-party around the lake. Here he finds a new and different experience which is quite as sensational as that of his original discovery. Seen close by from the lake's surface these tinted lava cliffs are carved as grotesquely as a Japanese ivory. Precipices rise at times two thousand feet, sheer as a wall. Elsewhere gentle slopes of powdery lava, moss-tinted, connect rim and water with a ruler line. And between these two extremes are found every fashion and kind and degree of lava wall, many of them precipitous, most of them rugged, all of them contorted and carved in the most fantastic manner that imagination can picture. Caves open their dark doors at water's edge. Towered rocks emerge from submerged reefs. A mimic volcano rises from the water near one side. Perpetual snow fills sheltered crevices in the southern rim.

And all this wonder is reflected, upside down, in the still mirror through which the launch ploughs its rapid way. But looking backward where the inverted picture is broken and tossed by the waves from the launch's prow, he looks upon a kaleidoscope of color which he will remember all his life; for, to the gorgeous disarray of the broken image of the cliffs is added the magic tint of this deep-dyed water, every wavelet of which, at its crest, seems touched for the fraction of a second with a flash of indigo; the whole dancing, sparkling, shimmering in a glory which words cannot convey; and on the other side, and far astern, the subsiding waves calming back to normal in a flare of robin's-egg blue.

Our tourist returns to the rim-side hotel to the ceremony of sunset on Crater Lake, for which the lake abandons all traditions and clothes itself in gold and crimson. And in the morning after looking, before sunrise, upon a Crater Lake of hard-polished steel from which a falling rock would surely bounce and bound away as if on ice, he breakfasts and leaves without another look lest repetition dull his priceless memory of an emotional experience which, all in all, can never come again the same.

It is as impossible to describe Crater Lake as it is to paint it. Its outlines may be photographed, but the photograph does not tell the story. Its colors may be reproduced, but the reproduction is not Crater Lake. More than any other spot I know, except the Grand Canyon from its rim, Crater Lake seems to convey a glory which is not of line or mass or color or composition, but which seems to be of the spirit. No doubt this vivid impression which the stilled observer seems to acquire with his mortal eye, is born somehow of his own emotion. Somehow he finds himself in communion with the Infinite. Perhaps it is this quality which seems so mysterious that made the Klamath Indians fear and shun Crater Lake, just as the Indians of the great plateau feared and shunned the Grand Canyon. It is this intangible, seemingly spiritual quality which makes

the lake impossible either to paint or to describe.

So different is this spectacle from anything else upon the continent that the first question asked usually is how it came to be. The answer discloses one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of the earth.

In the evolution of the Cascades, many have been the misadventures of volcanoes. Some have been buried alive in ash and lava, and merged into conquering rivals. Some have been buried in ice which now, organized as glaciers, is wearing down their sides. Some have died of starvation and passed into the hills. Some have been blown to atoms. Only one in America, so far as known, has returned into the seething gulf which gave it birth. That was Mount Mazama.

The processes of creation are too deliberate for human comprehension. The Mississippi takes five thousand years to lower one inch its valley's surface. The making of Glacier National Park required many--perhaps hundreds--of millions of years. It seems probable that the cataclysm in which Mount Mazama disappeared was exceptional; death may have come suddenly, even as expressed in human terms.

What happened seems to have been this. Some foundation underpinning gave way in the molten gulf below, and the vast mountain sank and disappeared within itself. Imagine the spectacle who can! Mount Mazama left a clean-cut rim surrounding the hole through which it slipped and vanished. But there was a surging back. The eruptive forces, rebounding, pushed the shapeless mass again up the vast chimney. They found it too heavy a load. Deep within the ash-choked vent burst three small craters, and that was all. Two of these probably were short-lived, the third lasted a little longer. And, centuries later, spring water seeped through, creating Crater Lake.

Crater Lake is set in the summit of the Cascade Range, about sixty-five miles north of the California boundary. The road from the railway-station at Medford leads eighty miles eastward up the picturesque volcanic valley of the Rogue River. The country is magnificently forested. The mountains at this point are broad, gently rolling plateaus from which suddenly rise many volcanic cones, which, seen from elevated opens, are picturesque in the extreme. Each of these cones is the top of a volcano from whose summit has streamed the prehistoric floods of lava which have filled the intervening valleys, raising and levelling the country.

[Illustration: CROSS-SECTION OF CRATER LAKE SHOWING PROBABLE OUTLINE OF MOUNT MAZAMA]

Entering the park, a high, broad, forested elevation is quickly encountered which looks at a glance exactly what it is, the base which

once supported a towering cone. At its summit, this swelling base is found to be the outside supporting wall of a roughly circular lake, about five miles in diameter, the inside wall of which is steeply inclined to the water's surface a thousand feet below. The strong contrast between the outer and inner walls tells a plainly read story. The outer walls, all around, slope gently upward at an angle of about fifteen degrees; naturally, if carried on, they would converge in a peaked summit higher than that of Shasta. The inner walls converge downward at a steep angle, suggesting a funnel of enormous depth. It was through this funnel that Mount Mazama, as men call the volcano that man never saw, once collapsed into the gulf from which it had emerged.

Studying the scene from the Lodge on the rim where the automobile-stage has left you, the most vivid impressions of detail are those of the conformation of the inner rim, the cliffs which rise above it, and the small volcano which emerges from the blue waters of the lake.

The marvellous inner slope of the rim is not a continuous cliff, but a highly diversified succession of strata. Examination shows the layers of volcanic conglomerate and lava of which, like layers of brick and stone, the great structure was built. The downward dip of these strata away from the lake is everywhere discernible. The volcano's early story thus lies plain to eyes trained to read it. The most interesting of these strata is the lava flow which forms twelve thousand feet of the total precipice of Llao Rock, a prominence of conspicuous beauty.

Many of these cliffs are magnificently bold. The loftiest is Glacier Peak, which rises almost two thousand feet above the water's surface. But Dutton Cliff is a close rival, and Vidæ Cliff, Garfield Peak, Llao Rock, and the Watchman fall close behind. Offsetting these are breaks where the rim drops within six hundred feet of the water. The statement of a wall height of a thousand feet expresses the general impression, though as an average it is probably well short of the fact.

[Illustration: \_From a photograph copyright by Scenic America Company\_

DUTTON CLIFF AND THE PHANTOM SHIP, CRATER LAKE]

[Illustration: \_From a photograph copyright by Scenic America Company\_

SUNSET FROM GARFIELD PEAK, CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK]

[Illustration: CROSS-SECTION OF CRATER LAKE]

At the foot of all the walls, at water's edge, lie slopes of talus, the rocky fragments which erosion has broken loose and dropped into the abyss. Nowhere is there a beach. The talus shallows the water for a few hundred feet, and descending streams build small deltas. These shallows edge the intense blue of the depths with exquisite lighter tints which

tend to green. But this edging is very narrow.

The next most striking object after the gigantic carved cliffs is Wizard Island. This complete volcano in miniature, notwithstanding that it is forest-clothed and rises from water, carries the traveller's mind instantly to the thirteen similar cones which rise within the enormous desert crater of dead Haleakala, in the Hawaii National Park. Wizard Island's crater may easily be seen in the tip of its cone. Its two fellow volcanoes are invisible four hundred feet under water.

Scanning the blue surface, one's eye is caught by an interesting sail-like rock rising from the waters on the far right close to the foot of Dutton Cliff. This is the Phantom Ship. Seen two miles away in certain lights the illusion is excellent. The masts seem to tilt rakishly and the sails shine in the sun. There are times when the Phantom Ship suddenly disappears, and times again when it as suddenly appears where nothing was before. Hence its name and mysterious repute. But there is nothing really mysterious about this ghostly behavior, which occurs only when the heated atmosphere lends itself readily to mirage.

Days and weeks of rare pleasure may be had in the exploration of these amazing walls, a pleasure greatly to be enhanced by discovering and studying the many plain evidences of Mazama's slow upbuilding and sudden extinction. The excellent automobile road around the rim affords easy approach afoot as well as by automobile and bicycle. Its passage is enlivened by many inspiring views of the outlying Cascades with their great forests of yellow pine and their lesser volcanic cones, some of which, within and without the park boundaries, hung upon the flanks of Mount Mazama while it was belching flame and ash, while others, easing the checked pressure following the great catastrophe, were formed anew or enlarged from older vents.

From this road any part of the fantastic rim may be reached and explored, often to the water's edge, by adventurous climbers. What more enjoyable day's outing, for instance, than the exploration of the splendid pile of pentagonal basaltic columns suspended half-way in the rim at one point of picturesque beauty? What more inspiring than the climbing of Dutton Cliff, or, for experienced climbers, of many of the striking lava spires? The only drawback to these days of happy wandering along this sculptured and painted rim is the necessity of carrying drinking-water from the Lodge.

Then there are days of pleasure on the water. Wizard Island may be thoroughly explored, with luncheon under its trees by the lakeside. The Phantom Ship's gnarled lavas may be examined and climbed. Everywhere the steep rocky shore invites more intimate acquaintance; its caves may be entered, some afoot, at least one afloat. The lake is well stocked with rainbow trout, some of them descendants of the youngsters which Will G.

Steel laboriously carried across country from Gordon's Ranch, forty-nine miles away, in 1888. They are caught with the fly from shore and boat. A pound trout in Crater Lake is a small trout. Occasionally a monster of eight or ten pounds is carried up the trail to the Lodge.

During all these days and weeks of pleasure and study, the vision of ancient Mount Mazama and its terrible end grows more and more in the enlightened imagination. There is much in the conformation of the base to justify a rather definite picture of this lost brother of Hood, Shasta, St. Helens, and Rainier. At the climax of his career, Mazama probably rose sixteen thousand feet above the sea, which means ten thousand feet above the level of the present lake. We are justified too in imagining his end a cataclysm. Volcanic upbuildings are often spasmodic and slow, a series of impulses separated by centuries of quiescence, but their climaxes often are sudden and excessively violent. It seems more probable that Mazama collapsed during violent eruption. Perhaps like a stroke of lightning at the moment of triumph, death came at the supreme climax of his career.

Certainly no mausoleum was ever conceived for human hero which may be compared for a moment with this glorified grave of dead Mazama!

The human history of Crater Lake has its interest. The Indians feared it. John W. Hillman was the first white man to see it. Early in 1853 a party of Californian miners ascended the Rogue River to rediscover a lost gold-mine of fabulous richness. The expedition was secret, but several Oregonians who suspected its object and meant to be in at the finding, quickly organized and followed. Hillman was of this party. The Californians soon learned of the pursuit.

"Then," wrote Hillman half a century later, "it was a game of hide and seek until rations on both sides got low. The Californians would push through the brush, scatter, double backward on their trail, and then camp in the most inaccessible places to be found, and it sometimes puzzled us to locate and camp near enough to watch them."

Eventually the rivals united. A combination search-party was chosen which included Hillman, and this party, while it found no gold-mine, found Crater Lake.

[Illustration: \_From a photograph copyright by Fred H. Kiser\_

APPLEGATE CLIFF, CRATER LAKE]

[Illustration: \_From a photograph by Fred H. Kiser\_

PHANTOM SHIP FROM GARFIELD PEAK]

"While riding up a long sloping mountain," Hillman continued, "we



suddenly came in sight of water and were very much surprised as we did not expect to see any lakes. We did not know but what we had come in sight and close to Klamath Lake, and not until my mule stopped within a few feet of the rim of Crater Lake did I look down, and if I had been riding a blind mule I firmly believe I would have ridden over the edge to death and destruction...."

"The finding of Crater Lake," he concludes, "was an accident, as we were not looking for lakes; but the fact of my being the first upon its banks was due to the fact that I was riding the best saddle mule in southern Oregon, the property of Jimmy Dobson, a miner and packer with headquarters at Jacksonville, who had furnished me the mule in consideration of a claim to be taken in his name should we be successful. Stranger to me than our discovery was the fact that after our return I could get no acknowledgment from any Indian, buck or squaw, old or young, that any such lake existed; each and every one denied any knowledge of it, or ignored the subject completely."

The next development in Crater's history introduces Will G. Steel, widely known as "the Father of Crater Lake National Park," a pioneer of the highest type, a gold-seeker in the coast ranges and the Klondike, a school-teacher for many years, and a public-spirited enthusiast. In 1869, a farmer's boy in Kansas, he read a newspaper account of an Oregon lake with precipice sides five thousand feet deep. Moving to Oregon in 1871, he kept making inquiries for seven years before he verified the fact of the lake's existence, and it was two years later before he found a man who had seen it. This man's description decided him to visit it, then an undertaking of some difficulty.

He got there in 1885. Standing on the rim he suggested to Professor Joseph Le Conte that an effort be made to induce the national government to save it from defacement and private exploitation. Returning home they prepared a petition to President Cleveland, who promptly withdrew ten townships from settlement pending a bill before Congress to create a national park. Congress refused to pass the bill on the ground that Oregon should protect her own lake. Then Steel began an effort, or rather an unbroken succession of efforts, to interest Congress. For seventeen years he agitated the project at home, where he made speeches winter and summer all over the State, and at Washington, which he deluged with letters and circulars. Finally the bill was passed. Crater Lake became a national park on May 22, 1902.

Mr. Steel's work was not finished. He now began just as vigorous a campaign to have the lake properly stocked with trout. It required years but succeeded. Then he began a campaign for funds to build a road to the lake. This was a stubborn struggle which carried him to Washington for a winter, but it finally succeeded.

During most of this time Mr. Steel was a country school-teacher without

other personal income than his salary. He spent many of his summers talking Crater-Lake projects to audiences in every part of the State, depending upon his many friends for entertainment and for "lifts" from town to town. He was superintendent of the park from 1913 to the winter of 1920, when he became United States commissioner for the park.

The attitude of the Indians toward Crater Lake remains to be told. Steel is authority for the statement that previous to 1886 no modern Indian had looked upon its waters. Legends inherited from their ancestors made them greatly fear it. I quote O.C. Applegate's "Klamath Legend of La-o," from Steel Points for January, 1907:

"According to the mythology of the Klamath and Modoc Indians, the chief spirit who occupied the mystic land of Gaywas, or Crater Lake, was La-o. Under his control were many lesser spirits who appeared to be able to change their forms at will. Many of these were monsters of various kinds, among them the giant crawfish (or dragon) who could, if he chose, reach up his mighty arms even to the tops of the cliffs and drag down to the cold depths of Crater Lake any too venturesome tourist of the primal days.

"The spirits or beings who were under the control of La-o assumed the forms of many animals of the present day when they chose to go abroad on dry land, and this was no less true of the other fabulous inhabitants of Klamath land who were dominated by other chief spirits, and who occupied separate localities; all these forms, however, were largely or solely subject to the will of Komookumps, the great spirit.

"Now on the north side of Mount Jackson, or La-o Yaina (La-o's Mountain), the eastern escarpment of which is known as La-o Rock, is a smooth field sloping a little toward the north which was a common playground for the fabled inhabitants of Gaywas and neighboring communities.

"Skell was a mighty spirit whose realm was the Klamath Marsh country, his capital being near the Yamsay River on the eastern side of the marsh. He had many subjects who took the form of birds and beasts when abroad on the land, as the antelope, the bald eagle, the bliwas or golden eagle, among them many of the most sagacious and active of all the beings then upon the earth.

"A fierce war occurred between Skell and La-o and their followers, which raged for a long time. Finally Skell was stricken down in his own land of Yamsay and his heart was torn from his body and was carried in triumph to La-o Yaina. Then a great gala day was declared and even the followers of Skell were allowed to take part in the games on Mount Jackson, and the heart of Skell was tossed from hand to hand in the great ball game in which all participated.

"If the heart of Skell could be borne away so that it could be restored to his body he would live again, and so with a secret understanding among themselves the followers of Skell watched for the opportunity to bear it away. Eventually, when it reached the hands of Antelope, he sped away to the eastward like the wind. When nearly exhausted, he passed it on to Eagle, and he in turn to Bliwas, and so on, and although La-o's followers pursued with their utmost speed, they failed to overtake the swift bearers of the precious heart. At last they heard the far-away voice of the dove, another of Skell's people, and then they gave up the useless pursuit.

"Skell's heart was restored and he lived again, but the war was not over and finally La-o was himself overpowered and slain and his bleeding body was borne to the La-o Yaina, on the very verge of the great cliff, and a false message was conveyed to La-o's monsters in the lake that Skell had been killed instead of La-o, and, when a quarter of the body was thrown over, La-o's monsters devoured it thinking it a part of Skell's body. Each quarter was thrown over in turn with the same result, but when the head was thrown into the lake the monsters recognized it as the head of their master and would not touch it, and so it remains to-day, an island in the lake, to all people now known as Wizard Island."

In 1885, at Fort Klamath, Steel obtained from Allen David, the white-headed chief of the Klamath Indians, the story of how the Indians returned to Crater Lake. It was "long before the white man appeared to drive the native out." Several Klamaths while hunting were shocked to find themselves on the lake rim, but, gazing upon its beauty, suddenly it was revealed to them that this was the home of the Great Spirit. They silently left and camped far away. But one brave under the spell of the lake returned, looked again, built his camp-fire and slept. The next night he returned again, and still again. Each night strange voices which charmed him rose from the lake; mysterious noises filled the air. Moons waxed and waned. One day he climbed down to the water's edge, where he saw creatures "like in all respects to Klamath Indians" inhabiting the waters. Again and again he descended, bathed, and soon began to feel mysteriously strong, "stronger than any Indian of his tribe because of his many visits to the waters."

Others perceiving his growing power ventured also to visit the lake, and, upon bathing in its waters also received strength.

"On one occasion," said David solemnly, "the brave who first visited the lake killed a monster, or fish, and was at once set upon by untold numbers of excited Llaos (for such they were called), who carried him to the top of the cliffs, cut his throat with a stone knife, then tore his body into small pieces which were thrown down to the waters far beneath and devoured by angry Llaos."

In 1886 two Klamaths accompanied Captain Clarence E. Dutton's Geological

Survey party to Crater Lake and descended to the water's edge. The news of the successful adventure spread among the Indians, and others came to look upon the forbidden spot. That was the beginning of the end of the superstition. Steel says that two hundred Klamaths camped upon the rim in 1896, while he was there with the Mazamas.

The lake was variously named by its early visitors. The Hillman party which discovered it named it Deep Blue Lake on the spot. Later it was known as Lake Mystery, Lake Majesty, and Hole in the Ground. A party from Jacksonville named it Crater Lake on August 4, 1869.

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## **MEDICAL TREATMENT OF CAMP DISEASES**

Project Gutenberg's *Backwoods Surgery & Medicine*, by Charles Stuart Moody

[1910 publication]

In this day of compact pharmaceuticals one can carry a complete equipment of medicines in a vest pocket almost. The old day of ponderous powders and nauseating liquids has passed. The physician now who prescribes for his patients immense bottles of "shotgun" mixtures writes himself down a back number. This manner of administering drugs can be taken advantage of by the man who wishes to carry with him upon his outing a supply of remedies for the relief of such ailments as may befall him.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said in delivering an address to the graduating medical class of Harvard, "Young men, you have been taught here at least twenty remedies for every disease; after you have practiced medicine twenty years you will have one remedy for twenty diseases."

The genial autocrat was nearly right. The longer one continues in the practice of medicine, the fewer remedies he learns to depend upon. An Irish medical friend of mine once put the thing in very apt form when he said, "If I had to practice medicine on an island where I could have only three remedies, I should choose castor oil, opium, and strychnia. I'd physic them with the castor oil, constipate them with the opium, and stimulate them with the strychnia."

These remarks are a little beside the subject, but I am constrained to quote them to illustrate that but few medicines are needed, if these be well understood, and the indications for their use can be mastered by anyone in a short time.

For the past several years my emergency medical case has contained only ten remedies, and with these I have not hesitated to make professional

trips of many miles. The case should be made of sole leather with a pocket for a small note book and loops for a clinical thermometer. The bottles should hold half an ounce and have screw caps. Have the glazier etch with his diamond the numbers from 1 to 10 on the sides of the bottles. The reason for this is that numbers pasted on are liable to rub off, and as many tablets look much alike confusion may occur. Then fill them in this manner:

No. 1: Calomel, gr. 1/4. Make this entry in the little note book that is contained in the pocket. "No. 1, calomel gr. 1/4. Dose, one tablet every thirty minutes for four hours. Indications, biliousness, headache from disordered stomach, diarrhea, colds, and the beginning of all fevers."

No. 2: Dosimetric trinity (Full strength). Dose, one granule every half hour until skin becomes moist. Indications, all fevers, colds, threatened pneumonia, and threatened typhoid.

No. 3: Chlorodyne. Dose, one tablet every hour to relief. Indications, any gastric pain, cramps, diarrhea (after cleaning out the bowels), colic, acute indigestion.

No. 4: Intestinal antiseptic. Dose, one tablet every hour for four hours; then one every three hours. Indications, after bowels have been cleaned out to correct any disorder of the tract, as a routine treatment of typhoid; always valuable in diarrhea and other inflammatory conditions of the bowels.

No. 5: Quinine sulphate, gr. 5. Dose, one tablet every four hours. Indications, colds and catarrh, bilious fevers, specific in malaria.

No. 6: Elaterin, gr. 1/16. Dose, one tablet. Indications, to remove all fermenting food matters in the stomach and bowels, produces excessive watery evacuations. Valuable in dropsy; especially applicable where you want to get rid of the entire contents of the bowels.

No. 7: Phenacetine, gr. 5. Dose, one tablet every three hours to profuse perspiration. Indications, reduce fever where pulse is full and bounding. Relieves headache; taken early cures severe cold.

No. 8: Sun Cholera. Dose, one every three hours. Indications, similar to No. 3, only more powerful, valuable in severe summer complaint due to eating fresh fruit, meat, drinking too much water. Relieves gastric pain.

No. 9: Apomorphia hydrochlorate, gr. 1/10. Dose, two tablets followed by swallow of hot water. Indications, as an emetic in poisoning. Use cautiously.

No. 10: Digitalin, gr. 1/100. Dose, one tablet every hour to effect. Indications, the most powerful heart tonic and reconstructive. Must be used cautiously. Valuable in loss of blood, excessive heart action from altitude, and all conditions where heart is not performing properly.

It will be noted that I did not mention morphine, strychnia, or cocaine, as they were spoken of in connection with the hypodermic. In the case I also place a one-minute clinical thermometer. All of these instruments are now made self-registering and must be shaken down after each using. This should be done, not by a jar, but with a long sweep of the arm. Too sudden a jar will snap the instrument in two. Shake until the mercury column stands below the  $\Delta$  mark. This  $\Delta$  mark indicates the body heat at normal condition, that is, 98.4° F.

Every man should familiarize himself with certain physiological facts, and with these as guideposts he ought to be able to follow a train of indications to a reasonably fair diagnosis. The pulse rate, taken at the wrist, is generally a fair index of the condition of the body. The normal man has a pulse rate of about seventy-two beats per minute, women somewhat more rapid; high elevations also produce a more rapid pulse.

If there is an increase of heart beat above eighty per minute, accompanied by other subjective symptoms, it is an indication that something is wrong. In the absence of a clinical thermometer, one can arrive at a pretty fair knowledge of the body heat by counting the pulse. It is estimated that there will be an elevation of one degree F. for every ten beats above the normal. This rule varies, but is a fair average.

The appearance of the tongue is a valuable signpost, but one that is difficult of mastery. A few prominent indications will be noted. A thin, white, even furring of the tongue is indicative of gastric disturbances and mild fever states. A flabby, swollen, indented tongue covered with a uniform yellow, pasty fur is indicative of profound gastric states and gastro-duodenitis; it may also be produced by a continued moderate fever.

A narrow tongue, with deep median fissure on each side of which is a thick rough fur, the tip and edges being red and denuded, is characteristic of typhoid states whether arising from typhoid or not. The same condition will be found in profound intoxication from septic poisons. If the tongue becomes dry and brown, tremulous when protruded, and the patient returns it slowly when requested to do so, he has typhoid beyond question. A brown fur on the root of the tongue, especially in the morning, indicates a sluggish condition of the liver. In jaundice the tongue is yellow.

It is estimated that the normal man in a state of rest will breathe

sixteen times per minute. Any radical departure from the rate will indicate disease. An increase of two respirations per minute is supposed to indicate a rise of one degree F. in the body temperature, though this rule is subject to variations. Inspection of the bare chest tells the trained physician much regarding the condition of his patient and even the layman can glean much knowledge from that source.

If the patient is breathing from twenty-five to thirty-five times per minute, the respiration being confined to one lung as indicated by the lack of expansion in the other, and if he lies so as to take the strain off the lung that does not expand, it is almost sure that the patient has pneumonia. In case the lung is fixed rigidly by the muscles and the opposite lung forced to do all the work, then the patient has pleurisy.

In profound typhoid states the breathing is very much slowed and irregular, at last presenting what is known as the Cheyne-Stokes respiration, in which the patient will breathe several short shallow respirations, pause for a time, heave a deep sigh and then repeat the rapid breathing. This type of breathing is looked upon as a very grave symptom in all conditions characterized by lack of physical strength.

It will be readily appreciated that only enough discussion of symptoms has been given above to aid somewhat in arriving at a diagnosis. To go deeply into physical indications of diseases would be manifestly out of place in an article of this character. We will now proceed to the consideration of the diseases that will be most frequently encountered in the camp. Of these the intestinal troubles stand pre-eminent. Change of water, food, methods of life, and personal habits account for the fact that nearly every person who seeks the outdoors at some time during his stay is afflicted with some one of the diarrheas. Without attempting to go deeply into the various classifications of the enteric complaints, a brief résumé of the guiding symptoms common to all will be given.

It matters very little so far as the treatment is concerned whether it be an ileo-colitis, an ileitis, or simply colitis. The same treatment would obtain in each case, and the same general trend of symptoms would be present. The patient feels a general indisposition, loss of appetite, headache, and sleeplessness, which is followed by pain and griping in the bowels; then comes the diarrhea, which may be profuse and watery or scanty and accompanied by much pain. The evacuations become exceedingly frequent, sometimes as many as fifty or sixty per day.

The patient vomits frequently and is quite ill, his face becomes pinched and dusky, with an anxious look in the eyes. There is some fever and thirst, though the water drunk is generally vomited. In the above has been pictured an extreme case of summer diarrhea. There will be all gradations below this, from a mere soreness of the abdomen and

looseness of the bowels up to profound prostration from constant drain on the system induced by the evacuations.

By a sort of strange medical paradox, in order to stop the evacuations it becomes necessary to increase them. We must sweep out the nest of troublesome bacteria that are causing the disturbance. An ordinary cathartic will not accomplish this. It is necessary to administer something that will produce a profuse watery discharge from the bowels. Nothing accomplishes this better than a heaping tablespoonful of Epsom salts in hot water, but as we have not provided for such bulky medicines in our case we will give our patient one tablet of elaterin which will accomplish the same purpose.

Then, too, the patient is not nearly so liable to vomit the elaterin. If he does, however, the vomiting can be controlled by the administration of cocaine by the mouth, though this latter drug must be used very cautiously. A tablet of 1/4 gr. cocaine hydrochlorate given in a swallow of hot water will stop vomiting until the other remedies can produce their effect. Before giving any other medicines await the free action of the cathartic.

The patient should have at least three very copious discharges; then begin to combat the inflammatory condition that exists in the bowels. The chlorodyne tablet will in all ordinary cases, do this best of all your remedies. There will be some few instances where it will be necessary to resort to more powerful remedies; in that case the Sun Cholera tablet given according to directions is the best. As an after treatment in these cases the intestinal antiseptic gives the best results. A tablet every four hours for two days will annihilate every vestige of bacterial invasion that may remain.

Bronchial and pulmonary diseases supply a large percentage of the camp ailments in the fall and early winter during the deer hunting season. An attack of pneumonia following a severe drenching from being out all day in a rain, or accidentally tumbling into the creek, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. It usually comes in the night. The patient wakes out of a sound sleep with a chill. There is a sharp sticking pain as though a knife were being thrust between the ribs, at some point on the chest wall. The breath comes in short gasps and the patient instinctively turns toward the affected side in order to ease the pain.

The chill may or may not be followed by vomiting, and the fever lights up immediately, rising to 102–4° F. A distressing short cough comes along to add to the discomfort as each act of coughing increases the pain in the chest. In less than twenty-four hours the patient begins to expectorate what we call "prune-juice" mucus, that is, mucus streaked with blood until it resembles the juice of cooked prunes. When you see this "prune-juice" you need have no doubt as to the diagnosis. You



should, however, have been busy long before this.

There is no doubt now among educated physicians that pneumonia, taken in time, can be aborted. When the pain first manifests itself set somebody to baking hot cakes made from flour stirred with water. While these are still as hot as can be borne lay them over the painful spot on the lung, renewing as fast as they become cool. To accomplish much good this treatment must be kept up until the period of expectoration and even after, at least twenty-four hours. At the same time begin by administering calomel in 1/4 gr. doses every thirty minutes until at least three grains have been given.

Two hours after the last tablet of calomel has been given, give a tablet of elaterin. When the latter has "worked," start in with the dosimetric trinity tablets and push them until the skin becomes moist and the fever falls below 100° F. Do not give any of the coal tar products in pneumonia, that is, do not give phenacetine or acetanilide. When the patient is recovering it is well to keep up the heart by strychnia or digitalin.

There is such a thing as giving too much of these heart stimulants though, and you should watch the pulse closely. Stimulating the heart too greatly is liable to cause congestion of the small blood vessels in the lungs and defeat the very purpose you set out to accomplish.

Taking "cold" is a very popular camp method of feeling bad. The man who does not at least once, while in camp, stuff himself full of a good old-fashioned "cold" feels that he has been cheated out of a part of the enjoyment of his outing. For the benefit of those of his companions who do not appreciate his "barking" in season and out, the following rules are suggested: First, take a bath; it may be painful but necessary. Second, assist overworked eliminants to remove the debris that has accumulated by reason of the failure of the ordinary processes of waste removal.

This can be done very nicely with a heroic dose of calomel; by heroic about three grains is meant. Follow up the calomel with several five-grain doses of phenacetine, or until the patient is in a profuse perspiration, roll him in warm blankets, and await developments. A careful observance of the foregoing will annihilate any able-bodied "cold" on earth.

The man who contracts rheumatism in camp has my sincere sympathy. It requires no special skill to tell when one has it, but it does require special powers of divination to tell when he will get rid of it. Medical science has discovered only one drug that will affect the progress of the disease in the least, and that only after an extended course. Salicylic acid in one or another of its various combinations furnishes the sheet anchor in the treatment of rheumatism. I purposely

omitted it from our pocket case of drugs because of the fact that the combination that would suit one man's stomach would not another.

In practice we have to take many things into consideration in the administration of the salicylates. The man with rheumatism in camp can seek only to relieve the pain and assist Nature to eliminate the waste. A thorough flushing of the bowels should be the first thing, followed by aconitine, gr. 1/134, one tablet every hour for four hours; then one every three hours. At the same time keep dry. If it be a limb that is affected wrap it in blankets and "cook" it in front of the fire.

Cases of poisoning arising in camp will usually be confined to two causes—the eating of poisoned foods and eating poisonous mushrooms. In these days of tinned meats and vegetables it is not unusual to hear of persons becoming seriously and even fatally poisoned by eating certain canned goods. Canned fish and beef are the worst offenders in this regard.

The symptoms of ptomaine poisoning are characteristic and generally easily traced to the material producing them. There is a dryness and metallic taste in the mouth shortly after eating suspected food. This is followed by severe cramps, vomiting, violent purging, rapid loss of strength, great depression and coldness of the surface of the body. The hands and face break out in clammy sweat and the temperature falls below normal. The picture is very characteristic and when once seen is readily recognized.

The treatment consists in getting rid of the offending substance as quickly as possible. Nothing accomplishes this more readily than a quick emetic. Apomorphia hydrochlorate furnishes us with the most convenient emetic, though mustard water or hot salt water will do. Take a tablet of 1/10 gr. apomorphia hypodermically, or two tablets of the same size by the mouth, followed by a swallow of hot water. Hypodermically the emetic acts in a very short time; by the mouth it requires somewhat longer, say ten minutes. Purge the bowels with elaterin, one tablet, then keep up the vital forces by administering strychnia, 1/60 gr. every hour or two, watching the circulation meanwhile.

In severe cases, in addition to the strychnia, it may become necessary to resort to external heat, hot water bottles, hot stones, etc. The patient is much debilitated for several days and requires careful diet.

Mushrooms should never be eaten unless the person gathering them is known to be thoroughly conversant with the different varieties. Certain poisonous varieties resemble the edible so closely that only an expert can tell the difference. The knowledge, however, is one that every hunter and camper should familiarize himself with as mushrooms are usually plenty in the hills and furnish an agreeable addition to the

menu.

Phalline, the toxic principle of the \_phalloidæ\_ group of mushrooms, is a toxalbumin of extreme violence and resembles very much the toxic albuminose of rattlesnake virus; in fact, it seems to act upon the digestion very much as crotalin does upon the circulation. There is another toxic principle present in certain other varieties of fungi called muscarine; both these poisons act very similarly.

The symptoms are a feeling of giddiness coming on from one hour to fifteen hours after eating the fungus. This is followed by profuse salivation, the water running out of the patient's mouth in a stream. Blindness ensues, and vomiting and diarrhea come in their train. The heart is weakened and the patient breathes with difficulty. At the last he lies in a stupor.

The treatment is similar to that of ptomaine poisoning. Remove the offending material at once by the same process. For a purgative oleaginous agents are the best if available, castor oil being preferable; failing in that any active cathartic will do. The heart then must be stimulated by the digitalin; strychnia also plays a prominent role here.

It had not been my intention to mention typhoid, but upon reflection I have decided to include it. Typhoid fever is little liable to attack people living under such conditions as exist in the mountains where the air is pure, the water comes from eternal springs, and flies are few. Summer camps along lake shores and the larger, slow-moving streams are liable to it, and it is just as well to recognize it when it arrives.

The person about to come down with typhoid generally feels extremely tired for several days, the head and back ache, the nose frequently bleeds slightly, a rumbling is present in the right side just below the ribs, and the ears ring as though one had taken an overdose of quinine. The tongue is characteristic of the disease, so much so, in fact, that we speak of a particular condition as the "typhoid tongue."

After a few days the patient begins to feel feverish. All the symptoms increase until he is quite ill and takes to his bed. About this time tiny red spots called "rose spots" appear on the abdomen, perhaps only a few, again they are quite frequent. The mind becomes dull and the hearing imperfect.

Typhoid is said to be a self-limiting disease, that is, it cannot be cut short or aborted in any way. That, however, is hardly the case. By vigorous treatment, at the outset, it is now thought by a great many that the disease can be limited to a few days. If the treatment is not begun early and carried out, the disease will run a course of some twenty-one days.

The treatment consists in eradicating the nest of typhoid bacillus that is setting up the disturbance. Here, again, we resort to calomel. Four grains given in quarter-grain doses every half hour will usually produce sufficiently free passages. After this administer the intestinal antiseptic religiously, with aconitine for the fever. Give plenty of water to drink and restrict the diet. If the disease gets beyond control, the routine treatment is the intestinal antiseptic.

Cold packs for the fever, in the later stages of the disease, will be found preferable to any medicines. All the time the diet should be watched. No solid foods should be allowed. Milk, light broths, fruit juices, and rice water supply sufficient nourishment and do not irritate the tender glands of Peyer and Brunner that are the seat of the disease. These glands become very friable in typhoid, and any violent action of the walls of the intestines, as in digesting food, will cause them to break through and permit the bowel contents to enter the general peritoneal cavity, when the patient will die from inflammation of the bowels.

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## **GEORGE W. CABLE**

### **PEDRO CALDERON**

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"POSSON JONE"

by George W. Cable

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To Jules St. Ange--elegant little heathen--there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school, and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round--for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese-world already at twenty-two.

He realized this, as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti Streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body-servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and \_tante's\_ pin-money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily enumerated resorts:--to go to work--they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else--why not?--to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and

besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money,--not expert at cards or dice, but as one would say, willing to learn,--one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile-roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Up-street, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste.-Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs, heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain-water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching mendicant-like in the shadow of a great importing house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent \_café's\_ the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant without turning his head that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those \_bons\_ that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bull-fight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bull-fight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bull-fight--not an ordinary bull-fight with sick horses, but a buffalo-and-tiger fight. I would not miss it--"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward--can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers--can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side-streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"\_Personne\_," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an \_Américain\_ --a West-Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak--?"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the \_Américain\_ anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank-notes.

The crowd laughed, the West-Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dangerous to make your money expose like that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West-Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging-house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on busi\_ness\_ for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah--his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special provi\_dence\_.--Jools, do you believe in a special provi\_dence\_?"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short square old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto with many glittering and cavernous smiles as "d'body-servant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton-growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special provi\_dence\_ again' cotton untell folks quits a-pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"\_Je dis\_," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah-plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah--I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah \_et sirop\_. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy-water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with \_quitte\_.' I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id brougnd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. \_Parceque\_, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"--falling back--"\_mais\_ certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"\_Mais\_, what could make it else? Id could not be the \_quitte\_, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the \_quitte\_ to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a \_Catholique\_, \_mais\_"--brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew--"not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones--"where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus and this boy can go to the kitchen.--Now, Colossus, what \_air\_ you a-beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go 'way!" said the parson with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alley-way with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"Oh Mahs Jimmy, I--I's gwine; but--" he ventured nearer--"don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you must of been dosted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy.--Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that,



when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life--which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"\_Mais\_, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company--" they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know--whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued:--

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors. De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolution of de Sabbaf, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of bywords, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience, an' if any man sin de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man.--Ain't dat so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you--" here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye--"mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body-sarvants, can take a \_leetle\_ for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus's eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of a true Christian; to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch: it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in--"

"Oh, yes!" cried St.-Ange, "conscien'; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a \_Catholique\_, you is a \_schismatique\_: you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee--well, then, it \_is\_ wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price--well, then, it \_is\_ wrong; I thing it is right--well, then, it \_is\_ right: it is all 'abit; \_c'est tout\_. What a man thing is right, \_is right\_; 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again' my conscien'? \_Mais allons\_, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain't the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "\_c'est\_ very true. For you it would be a sin, \_mais\_ for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cock-fight Sunday evening. I thing it is all 'abit. \_Mais\_, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe--always like to see friend; \_allons\_, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shamefaced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church-members," said Parson Jones.

"\_Mais\_, " said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church-member'--certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expire for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"\_Mais\_, the church is right yonder at Miguel', yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like the bez--me, I like the \_Catholique\_ rilligion the

bez--for me it \_is\_ the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the \_banquette\_, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, \_et\_ I thing Miguel will go, \_et\_ Joe--everybody, I thing-- \_mais\_, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk--"Jools, I \_don't\_ want to lose my niggah."

"You will not loose him. With Baptiste he \_cannot\_ \_ged loose."

But Colossus's master was not reassured. "Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church--"

"Posson Jone'--" said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"\_Allons\_, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by-and-by turned into a cross-street. The parson stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twa'nt him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag-pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theatre, honeycombed with gambling-dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house,--thinkin' it was a Sabbath-school! No such thing, saw; I \_ain't\_ bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my \_o\_ pinion; I reckon I'm \_a white man\_, saw! No, saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do \_not\_ know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in \_falsetto\_ and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"\_Mais oui!\_ 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' \_one\_ bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing-- \_mais\_ I did not soup suspicion this from you, Posson Jone'--"

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No, Posson Jone'!"

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"\_Mais certainement!\_ But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien'--me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a-doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast-pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead, a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant-loads, leaving Jules St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

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In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus-ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great white fleets drawn off upon the horizon, "see--heaven smiles upon the bull-fight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheatre sat the gayly decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métairies* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too--more's the shame--from the upper rivers--who will not keep their seats--who ply the bottle, and who will get home by-and-by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder in that quieter section are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls--and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is--but he vanishes--Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout

pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The marines of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull! the bull!--hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling--standing head and shoulders above the rest--calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flatboatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of his own nation--men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song--are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flatboatmen singing the ancient tune of 'Mear.' You can hear the words--

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul--"

from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from singers who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans--

"He used to wear an old gray coat  
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness, that--"

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie-life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass

pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the mêlée, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore--and all the people shouted at once when they saw it--the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against its belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:--

"The tiger and the buffler shell lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't and I'll comb you with this varmint from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler shell lay down together. They shell! Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler shell lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The Northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife-drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's-play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flatboatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut, and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing Américains. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the calaboza.

When Parson Jones awoke, a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ring-bolt in the centre of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"\_Mais\_, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah, Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? \_Mais\_, if a man keep \_all the time\_ intoxicate, I think that is again' the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened--oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere--\_mais\_ he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man--\_mais\_ Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the Isabella schooner. Pore Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'It is a specious providence.'"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull-ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theatre St. Philippe. Hah! you is the moz brave dat I never see, \_mais\_ ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? \_Mais\_, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.



"\_Bien\_, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you, I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of de calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering--'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank-notes, \_bons\_, and due-bills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly--you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "\_Mais\_, Posson Jone'!"--in his old \_falsetto\_--"de order--you cannot read it, it is in French--compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face--"is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live-oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West-Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddle-bags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad blue rings, and one cheek-bone bore the official

impress of every knuckle of Colossus's left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point; he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the Isabella, moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you--I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal"--he set foot upon the gang-plank--"but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money--w'at I win las' night? Well, I win' it by a specious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

'Moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.'"

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "\_c'est\_ very true. I ged this money in the mysterieuze way. \_Mais\_, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly smiling young man.

The schooner-captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid \_it\_?"

"Anything!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man--"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar'--'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"\_Mais\_, it was!"

"No!"

"It \_was\_ me fault! I \_swear\_ it was me fault! \_Mais\_, here is five hundred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money.--Oh my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said:--

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguided friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions--oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!"--the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze--"good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself. "Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow \_dis\_ promise: you never, never, \_never\_ will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the tow-path, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire \_personnel\_ and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing

along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, back-slidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de \_money\_!" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully mourned and honestly prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schooner-men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be--" cried Jones.

"\_Amen!\_" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

And now up runs Baptiste, covered with slime, and prepares to cast his projectiles. The first one fell wide of the mark; the schooner swung round into a long reach of water, where the breeze was in her favor; another shout of laughter drowned the maledictions of the muddy man; the sails filled; Colossus of Rhodes, smiling and bowing as hero of the moment, ducked as the main boom swept round, and the schooner, leaning slightly to the pleasant influence, rustled a moment over the bulrushes, and then sped far away down the rippling bayou.

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now reappeared beyond the tops of the high undergrowth; but when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight, he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel his servant, saying as he turned, "Baptiste?"

"\_Miché?\_"

"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"\_Non, m'sieur.\_"

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts!  
\_Allons!\_"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine-bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones's after-life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father an honest man.

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PEDRO CALDERON

(1600-1681)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

The reputation of Pedro Calderon de la Barca has suffered in the minds of English-speaking people from the injudicious comparisons of critics, as well as from lack of knowledge of his works. To put Calderon, a master of invention, beside Shakespeare, the master of character, and to show by analogies that the author of 'Othello' was far superior to the writer of 'The Physician of His Own Honor,' is unjust to Calderon; and it is as futile as are the ecstasies of Schultze to the coldness of Sismondi. Schultze compares Dante with him, and the French critics have only recently forgiven him for being less classical in form than Corneille, who in 'Le Cid' gave them all the Spanish poetry they wanted! Fortunately the student of Calderon need not take opinions. Good editions of Calderon are easily attainable. The best known are Heil's (Leipzig, 1827), and that by Harzenbusch (Madrid, 1848). The first edition, with forewords by Vera Tassis de Villareal, appeared at Madrid (nine volumes) in 1682-91. Commentaries and translations are numerous in German and in English; the translations by Denis Florence MacCarthy are the most satisfactory, Edward Fitzgerald's being too paraphrastic. Dean Trench added much to our knowledge of Calderon's best work; George Ticknor in the 'History of Spanish Literature,' and George Henry Lewes in 'The Spanish Drama,' left us clear estimates of Lope de Vega's great successor. Shelley's scenes from 'El Mágico Prodigioso' are superb.

No analyses can do justice to the dramas, or to the religious plays, called "autos," of Calderon. They must be read; and thanks to the late Mr. MacCarthy's sympathy and zeal, the finest are easily attainable. As he left seventy-three autos and one hundred and eight dramas, it is lucky that the work of sifting the best from the mass of varying merit has been carefully done. Mr. Ticknor mentions the fact that Calderon collaborated with other authors in the writing of fourteen other plays.

Calderon was not "the Spanish Shakespeare." "The Spanish Ben Jonson" would be a happier title, if one feels obliged to compare everything with something else. But Calderon is as far above Ben Jonson in splendor of imagery as he is below Shakespeare in his knowledge of the heart, and in that vitality which makes Hamlet and Orlando, Lady Macbeth and Perdita, men and women of all time. They live; Calderon's people, like Ben Jonson's, move. There is a resemblance between the autos of Calderon and the masques of Jonson. Jonson's are lyrical; Calderon's less lyrical than splendid, ethical, grandiose. They were both court poets; they both made court spectacles; they both assisted in the decay of the drama; they reflected the tastes of their time; but Calderon is the more noble, the more splendid in imagination, the more intense in his devotion to nature in all her moods. If one wanted to carry the habit of comparison into music, Mozart might well represent the spirit of Calderon. M. Philarète Chasles is right when he says that 'El Mágico

Prodigioso' should be presented in a cathedral. Calderon's genius had the cast of the soldier and the priest, and he was both soldier and priest. His comedias and autos are of Spain, Spanish. To know Calderon is to know the mind of the Spain of the seventeenth century; to know Cervantes is to know its heart.

The Church had opposed the secularization of the drama, at the end of the fifteenth century, for two reasons. The dramatic spectacle fostered for religious purposes had become, until Lope de Vega rescued it, a medium for that "naturalism" which some of us fancy to be a discovery of M. Zola and M. Catulle Mendès; it had escaped from the control of the Church and had become a mere diversion. Calderon was the one man who could unite the spirit of religion to the form of the drama which the secular renaissance imperiously demanded. He knew the philosophy of Aristotle and the theology of the 'Summa' of St. Thomas as well as any cleric in Spain, though he did not take orders until late in life; and in those religious spectacles called autos sacramentales he showed this knowledge wonderfully. His last auto was unfinished when he died, on May 25th, 1681,--sixty-five years after the death of Shakespeare,--and Don Melchior de Leon completed it, probably in time for the feast of Corpus Christi.

[Illustration: CALDERON.]

The auto was an elaboration of the older miracle-play, and a spectacle as much in keeping with the temper of the Spanish court and people as Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' or Ben Jonson's 'Fortunate Isles' was in accord with the tastes of the English. And Calderon, of all Spanish poets, best pleased his people. He was the favorite poet of the court under Philip IV., and director of the theatre in the palace of the Buen Retiro. The skill in the art of construction which he had begun to acquire when he wrote 'The Devotion of the Cross' at the age of nineteen, was turned to stage management at the age of thirty-five, when he produced his gorgeous pageant of 'Circe' on the pond of the Buen Retiro. How elaborate this spectacle was, the directions for the prelude of the greater splendor to come will show. They read in this way:--

"In the midst of this island will be situated a very lofty mountain of rugged ascent, with precipices and caverns, surrounded by a thick and darksome wood of tall trees, some of which will be seen to exhibit the appearance of the human form, covered with a rough bark, from the heads and arms of which will issue green boughs and branches, having suspended from them various trophies of war and of the chase: the theatre during the opening of the scene being scantily lit with concealed lights; and to make a beginning of the festival, a murmuring and a rippling noise of water having been heard, a great and magnificent car will be seen to advance along the pond, plated

over with silver, and drawn by two monstrous fishes, from whose mouth will continually issue great jets of water, the light of the theatre increasing according as they advance; and on the summit of it will be seen seated in great pomp and majesty the goddess Aqua, from whose head and curious vesture will issue an infinite abundance of little conduits of water; and at the same time will be seen another great supply flowing from an urn which the goddess will hold reversed, and which, filled with a variety of fishes leaping and playing in the torrent as it descends and gliding over all the car, will fall into the pond."

This 'Circe' was allegorical and mythological; it was one of those soulless shows which marked the transition of the Spanish drama from maturity to decay. It is gone and forgotten with thousands of its kind. Calderon will be remembered not as the director of such vain pomps, but as the author of the sublime and tender 'Wonderful Magician,' the weird 'Purgatory of St. Patrick,' 'The Constant Prince,' 'The Secret in Words,' and 'The Physician of His Own Honor.' The scrupulous student of the Spanish drama will demand more; but for him who would love Calderon without making a deep study of his works, these are sufficiently characteristic of his genius at its highest. The reader in search of wider vistas should add to these 'Los Encantos de la Culpa' (The Sorceries of Sin), and 'The Great Theatre of the World,' the theme of which is that of Jacques's famous speech in 'As You Like It':--

"En el teatro del mundo  
Todos son representados."

("All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.")

On the principal feasts of the Church autos were played in the streets, generally in front of some great house. Giants and grotesque figures called tarascas gamboled about; and the auto, which was more like our operas than any other composition of the Spanish stage, was begun by a loa, written or sung. After this came the play, then an amusing interlude, followed by music and sometimes by a dance of gipsies.

Calderon boldly mingles pagan gods and Christ's mysteries in these autos, which are essentially of his time and his people. But the mixture is not so shocking as it is with the lesser poet, the Portuguese Camoens. Whether Calderon depicts 'The True God Pan,' 'Love the Greatest Enchantment,' or 'The Sheaves of Ruth,' he is forceful, dramatic, and even at times he has the awful gravity of Dante. His view of life and his philosophy are the view of life and the philosophy of Dante. To many of us, these simple and original productions of the Spanish temperament and genius may lack what we call "human interest." Let us remember that they represented truthfully the faith and the hope, the spiritual



knowledge of a nation, as well as the personal and national view of that knowledge. In the Spain of Calderon, the personal view was the national view.

Calderon was born on January 17th, 1600,--according to his own statement quoted by his friend Vera Tassis,--at Madrid, of noble parents. He was partly educated at the University of Salamanca. Like Cervantes and Garcilaso, he served in the army. The great Lope, in 1630, acknowledged him as a poet and his friend. Later, his transition from the army to the priesthood made little change in his views of time and eternity.

On May 25th, 1881, occurred the second centenary of his death, and the civilized world--whose theatre owes more to Calderon than it has ever acknowledged--celebrated with Spain the anniversary at Madrid, where as he said,--

"Spain's proud heart swelleth."

The selections have been chosen from Shelley's 'Scenes,' and from Mr. MacCarthy's translation of 'The Secret in Words.' 'The Secret in Words' is light comedy of intricate plot. Fabio is an example of the attendant \_gracioso\_, half servant, half confidant, who appears often in the Spanish drama. The Spanish playwright did not confine himself to one form of verse; and Mr. MacCarthy, in his adequate translation, has followed the various forms of Calderon, only not attempting the assonant vowel, so hard to escape in Spanish, and still harder to reproduce in English. These selections give no impression of the amazing invention of Calderon. This can only be appreciated through reading 'The Constant Prince,' 'The Physician of His Own Honor,' or a comedy like 'The Secret in Words.'

[Illustration: Signature: Maurice Francis Egan]

## THE LOVERS

From 'The Secret in Words'

[Flerida, the Duchess of Parma, is in love with her secretary Frederick. He loves her lady, Laura. Both Frederick and Laura are trying to keep their secret from the Duchess.]

FREDERICK--Has Flerida questioned you  
Aught about my love?

FABIO-- No, surely;  
But I have made up my mind  
That you are the prince of dunces,  
Not to understand her wish.

FREDERICK--Said she something, then, about me?

FABIO--Ay, enough.

FREDERICK--       Thou liest, knave!  
Wouldst thou make me think her beauty,  
Proud and gentle though it be,  
Which might soar e'en like the heron  
To the sovereign sun itself,  
Could descend with coward pinions  
At a lowly falcon's call?

FABIO--Well, my lord, just make the trial  
For a day or two; pretend  
That you love her, and--

FREDERICK--       Supposing  
That there were the slightest ground  
For this false, malicious fancy  
You have formed, there's not a chink  
In my heart where it might enter,--  
Since a love, if not more blest.  
Far more equal than the other  
Holds entire possession there.

FABIO--Then you never loved this woman  
At one time?

FREDERICK-- No!

FABIO--       Then avow--

FREDERICK--What?

FABIO--       That you were very lazy.

FREDERICK--That is falsehood, and not love.

FABIO--The more the merrier!

FREDERICK--       In two places  
How could one man love?

FABIO--       Why, thus:--  
Near the town of Ratisbon  
Two conspicuous hamlets lay,--  
One of them called Ageré,  
The other called Mascárandón.

These two villages one priest,  
An humble man of God, 'tis stated,  
Served; and therefore celebrated  
Mass in each on every feast.  
And so one day it came to pass,  
A native of Mascarándón  
Who to Ageré had gone  
About the middle of the mass,  
Heard the priest in solemn tone  
Say, as he the \_Preface\_ read,  
"Gratias ageré," but said  
Nothing of Mascarándón.  
To the priest this worthy made  
His angry plaint without delay:  
"You give best thanks for Ageré,  
As if your tithes we had not paid!"  
When this sapient reason reached  
The noble Mascarándónese,  
They stopped their hopeless pastor's fees,  
Nor paid for what he prayed or preached;  
He asked his sacristan the cause,  
Who told him wherefore and because.  
From that day forth when he would sing  
The \_Preface\_, he took care t'intone,  
Not in a smothered or weak way,  
"\_Tibi semper et ubique  
Gratias--Mascarándón!\_"  
If from love,--that god so blind,--  
Two parishes thou holdest, you  
Are bound to gratify the two;  
And after a few days you'll find,  
If you do so, soon upon  
You and me will fall good things,  
When your Lordship sweetly sings  
Flerída et Mascarándón.

FREDERICK--Think you I have heard your folly?

FABIO--If you listened, why not so?

FREDERICK--No: my mind can only know  
Its one call of melancholy.

FABIO--Since you stick to Ageré  
And reject Mascarándón,  
Every hope, I fear, is gone,  
That love his generous dues will pay.

Translation of Denis Florence MacCarthy.

## CYPRIAN'S BARGAIN

From 'The Wonderful Magician'

[The Demon, angered by Cyprian's victory in defending the existence of God, swears vengeance. He resolves that Cyprian shall lose his soul for Justina, who rejects his love. Cyprian says:--]

So bitter is the life I live,  
That, hear me hell, I now would give  
To thy most detested spirit  
My soul forever to inherit,  
To suffer punishment and pine,  
So this woman may be mine.

[\_The Demon accepts his soul and hastens to Justina.\_]

JUSTINA--'Tis that enamored nightingale  
Who gives me the reply:  
He ever tells the same soft tale  
Of passion and of constancy  
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,  
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale!--No more  
Make me think, in hearing thee  
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,  
If a bird can feel his so,  
What a man would feel for me.  
And, voluptuous vine, O thou  
Who seekest most when least pursuing,--  
To the trunk thou interlacest  
Art the verdure which embracest  
And the weight which is its ruin,--  
No more, with green embraces, vine,  
Make me think on what thou lovest;  
For while thou thus thy boughs entwine,  
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,  
How arms might be entangled too.  
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou  
Who gazest ever true and tender  
On the sun's revolving splendor,  
Follow not his faithless glance  
With thy faded countenance,  
Nor teach my beating heart to fear  
If leaves can mourn without a tear,  
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,

Cease from thy enamored tale,--  
Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,  
Restless sunflower, cease to move--  
Or tell me all, what poisonous power  
Ye use against me--

ALL-- Love! love! love!

JUSTINA--It cannot be!--Whom have I ever loved?  
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,  
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?  
And Cyprian?--

[\_She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.\_

Did I not requite him  
With such severity that he has fled  
Where none has ever heard of him again?--  
Alas! I now begin to fear that this  
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,  
As if there were no danger. From the moment  
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,  
"Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!"  
I know not what I feel! [\_More calmly.\_

It must be pity,  
To think that such a man, whom all the world  
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,  
And I the cause.

[\_She again becomes troubled.\_

And yet if it were pity,  
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,  
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [\_Calmly.\_  
Alas! what reasonings are these? It is  
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,  
Without this ceremonious subtlety,  
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,  
Even should I seek him through this wide world!

\_Enter +Demon+\_.

DEMON--Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA--And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither  
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?  
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness  
Has formed in the idle air?

DEMON--               No. I am one  
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee  
From his eternal dwelling--who this day  
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA--So shall thy promise fail. This agony  
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul  
May sweep imagination in its storm,--  
The will is firm.

DEMON--           Already half is done  
In the imagination of an act.  
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains:  
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

JUSTINA--I will not be discouraged, nor despair,  
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true  
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:  
Thought is not in my power, but action is:  
I will not move my foot to follow thee!

DEMON--But a far mightier wisdom than thine own  
Exerts itself within thee, with such power  
Compelling thee to that which it inclines  
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then  
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA--       By my free will.

DEMON--               I  
Must force thy will.

JUSTINA--       It is invincible;  
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[\_He draws, but cannot move her.\_]

DEMON--Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA--                       It were bought  
Too dear.

DEMON-- 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA--'Tis dread captivity.

DEMON--               'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

JUSTINA--'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

DEMON-- But how  
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,  
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA-- My defense  
Consists in God.

[\_He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.\_]

DEMON-- Woman, thou hast subdued me  
Only by not owning thyself subdued.  
But since thou thus findest defense in God,  
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus  
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.  
For I will mask a spirit in thy form  
Who will betray thy name to infamy,  
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,  
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning  
False pleasure to true ignominy. [\_Exit\_]

JUSTINA-- I  
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven  
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot  
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,  
Even as flame dies in the envious air,  
And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,  
And thou shouldst never--But alas! to whom  
Do I still speak?--Did not a man but now  
Stand here before me?--No, I am alone,  
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?  
Or can the heated mind engender shapes  
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange  
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!  
Livia!--

[\_Enter +Lisander+ and +Livia+.\_]

LISANDER--O my daughter! what?

LIVIA-- What?

JUSTINA-- Saw you  
A man go forth from my apartment now?--  
I scarce sustain myself!

LISANDER-- A man here!

JUSTINA--Have you not seen him?

LIVIA-- No, lady.

JUSTINA--I saw him.

LISANDER-- 'Tis impossible; the doors  
Which led to this apartment were all locked.

\_Livia\_ [\_aside\_]--I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,  
For he was locked up in my room.

LISANDER-- It must  
Have been some image of thy phantasy.  
Such melancholy as thou feedest is  
Skillful in forming such in the vain air  
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA--My master's in the right.

JUSTINA-- Oh, would it were  
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.  
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom  
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,  
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame.  
So potent was the charm, that had not God  
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,  
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame  
With willing steps. Livia, quick, bring my cloak,  
For I must seek refuge from these extremes  
Even in the temple of the highest God  
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA-- Here.

\_Justina\_ [\_putting on her cloak\_]--In this, as in a shroud of  
snow, may I  
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,  
Wasting away!

LISANDER-- And I will go with thee!

\_Livia\_ [\_aside\_]--When I once see them safe out of the house,  
I shall breathe freely.

JUSTINA-- So do I confide  
In thy just favor, Heaven!

LISANDER-- Let us go.



JUSTINA--Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake  
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

Translation of Shelley.

## DREAMS AND REALITIES

From 'Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of,' Edward Fitzgerald's version of  
'La Vida Es Sueno'

[The scene is a tower. Clotaldo is persuading Segismund that his experiences have not been real, but dreams, and discusses the possible relation of existence to a state of dreaming. The play itself is based on the familiar \_motif\_ of which Christopher Sly furnishes a ready example.]

CLOTALDO--Princes and princesses and counselors,  
Fluster'd to right and left--my life made at--  
But that was nothing--  
Even the white-hair'd, venerable King  
Seized on--Indeed, you made wild work of it;  
And so discover'd in your outward action,  
Flinging your arms about you in your sleep,  
Grinding your teeth--and, as I now remember,  
Woke mouthing out judgment and execution,  
On those about you.

SEGISMUND--       Ay, I did indeed.

CLOTALDO--Ev'n your eyes stare wild; your hair stands up--  
Your pulses throb and flutter, reeling still  
Under the storm of such a dream--

SEGISMUND--               A dream!  
That seem'd as swearable reality  
As what I wake in now.

CLOTALDO--       Ay--wondrous how  
Imagination in a sleeping brain  
Out of the uncontingent senses draws  
Sensations strong as from the real touch;  
That we not only laugh aloud, and drench  
With tears our pillow; but in the agony  
Of some imaginary conflict, fight  
And struggle--ev'n as you did; some, 'tis thought.  
Under the dreamt-of stroke of death have died.

SEGISMUND--And what so very strange, too--in that world  
Where place as well as people all was strange,  
Ev'n I almost as strange unto myself,  
You only, you, Clotaldo--you, as much  
And palpably yourself as now you are,  
Came in this very garb you ever wore;  
By such a token of the past, you said,  
To assure me of that seeming present.

CLOTALDO-- Ay?

SEGISMUND--Ay; and even told me of the very stars  
You tell me hereof--how in spite of them,  
I was enlarged to all that glory.

CLOTALDO-- Ay,  
By the false spirits' nice contrivance, thus  
A little truth oft leavens all the false,  
The better to delude us.

SEGISMUND-- For you know  
'Tis nothing but a dream?

CLOTALDO-- Nay, you yourself  
Know best how lately you awoke from that  
You know you went to sleep on.--  
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?

SEGISMUND--Never, to such reality.

CLOTALDO-- Such dreams  
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations  
Of that ambition that lies smoldering  
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune:  
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost  
The reins of sensible comparison,  
We fly at something higher than we are--  
Scarce ever dive to lower--to be kings  
Or conquerors, crown'd with laurel or with gold;  
Nay, mounting heav'n itself on eagle wings,--  
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,  
May furnish us the key to this high flight--  
That royal Eagle we were watching, and  
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.

SEGISMUND--Last night? Last night?

CLOTALDO-- Ay; do you not remember  
Envyng his immunity of flight,

As, rising from his throne of rock, he sail'd  
Above the mountains far into the west,  
That burned about him, while with poisoning wings  
He darkled in it as a burning brand  
Is seen to smolder in the fire it feeds?

SEGISMUND--Last night--last night--Oh, what a day was that  
Between that last night and this sad to-day!

CLOTALDO-- And yet perhaps  
Only some few dark moments, into which  
Imagination, once lit up within  
And unconditional of time and space,  
Can pour infinities.

SEGISMUND-- And I remember  
How the old man they call'd the King, who wore  
The crown of gold about his silver hair,  
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,  
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,  
And after which it all was dark again,  
Bade me beware lest all should be a dream.

CLOTALDO--Ay--there another specialty of dreams,  
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,  
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

SEGISMUND--Would that it had been on the verge of death  
That knows no waking--  
Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,  
Stunned, crippled--wretchered than ev'n before.

CLOTALDO--Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you  
Your visionary honor wore so ill  
As to work murder and revenge on those  
Who meant you well.

SEGISMUND--Who meant me!--me! their Prince,  
Chain'd like a felon--

CLOTALDO-- Stay, stay--Not so fast.  
You dream'd the Prince, remember.

SEGISMUND-- Then in dream  
Revenge'd it only.

CLOTALDO-- True. But as they say  
 Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul  
 Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,

So that men sometimes in their dream confess  
An unsuspected or forgotten self;  
One must beware to check--ay, if one may,  
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves  
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,  
And ill reacts upon the waking day.  
And, by the by, for one test, Segismund,  
Between such swearable realities--  
Since dreaming, madness, passion, are akin  
In missing each that salutary rein  
Of reason, and the guiding will of man:  
One test, I think, of waking sanity  
Shall be that conscious power of self-control  
To curb all passion, but much, most of all,  
That evil and vindictive, that ill squares  
With human, and with holy canon less,  
Which bids us pardon ev'n our enemies,  
And much more those who, out of no ill-will,  
Mistakenly have taken up the rod  
Which Heaven, they think, has put into their hands.

SEGISMUND--I think I soon shall have to try again--  
Sleep has not yet done with me.

CLOTALDO--                   Such a sleep!  
Take my advice--'tis early yet--the sun  
Scarce up above the mountain; go within,  
And if the night deceived you, try anew  
With morning; morning dreams they say come true.

SEGISMUND--Oh, rather pray for me a sleep so fast  
As shall obliterate dream and waking too.

[\_Exit into the tower.\_]

CLOTALDO--So sleep; sleep fast: and sleep away those two  
Night-potions, and the waking dream between,  
Which dream thou must believe; and if to see  
Again, poor Segismund! that dream must be.--  
And yet--and yet--in these our ghostly lives,  
Half night, half day, half sleeping, half awake,  
How if our waking life, like that of sleep,  
Be all a dream in that eternal life  
To which we wake not till we sleep in death?  
How if, I say, the senses we now trust  
For date of sensible comparison,--  
Ay, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,  
Should be in essence of intensity  
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke

To a perceptive subtlety so keen  
As to confess themselves befooled before,  
In all that now they will avouch for most?  
One man--like this--but only so much longer  
As life is longer than a summer's day,  
Believed himself a king upon his throne,  
And play'd at hazard with his fellows' lives,  
Who cheaply dream'd away their lives to him.  
The sailor dream'd of tossing on the flood:  
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood:  
The lover of the beauty that he knew  
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue:  
The merchant and the miser of his bags  
Of finger'd gold; the beggar of his rags:  
And all this stage of earth on which we seem  
Such busy actors, and the parts we play'd  
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,  
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream!

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Definitions from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Slang Dictionary*, by John Camden Hotten  
1913

~**Coventry**~, “to send a man to COVENTRY,” not to speak to or notice him. Coventry was one of those towns in which the privilege of practising most trades was anciently confined to certain privileged persons, as the freemen, &c. Hence a stranger stood little chance of custom, or countenance, and “to send a man to COVENTRY” came to be equivalent to putting him out of the pale of society.

~Cover-down~, a tossing coin with a false cover, enabling either head or tail to be shown, according as the cover is left on or taken off. The cover is more generally called a CAP. This style of cheating is now obsolete. A man who cannot manage to cheat at tossing without machinery is a sorry rogue.

~Cowan~, a sneak, an inquisitive or prying person. \_Greek\_, κῶων, a dog. Term given by Freemasons to all uninitiated persons. Used in Anderson's \_Constitutions\_, edit. 1769, p. 97. If derived from κῶων, its use was probably suggested by such passages in the N. T. as Matt. vii. 6, and Phil. iii. 2. The Moslems apply dog in a similar manner. It is probably Oriental. Other authorities say it is from COWAN, or KIRWAN, a Scottish word signifying a man who builds rough stone walls without mortar—a man who, though he builds, is not a practical mason.

~Cow-cow~, to be very angry, to scold or reprimand violently.—\_Anglo-Chinese.\_

~Cow-hocked~, clumsy about the ankles; with large or awkward feet.

~Cow-lick~, the term given to the lock of hair which costermongers and tramps usually twist forward from the ear; a large greasy curl upon the cheek, seemingly licked into shape. These locks are also called NUMBER SIXES, from their usual shape. The opposite of NEWGATE-KNOCKER, which \_see\_.

~Cow's grease~, butter.

~Coxy-loxy~, good-tempered, drunk.—\_Norfolk.\_

~Crab~, a disagreeable old person. Name of a wild and sour fruit.

~Crab~, “to catch a CRAB,” to fall backwards by missing a stroke in rowing. From the crab-like or sprawling appearance of the man when in the bottom of the boat.

~Crab~, to offend, or insult; to expose or defeat a robbery, to inform against. CRAB, in the sense of “to offend,” is \_Old English\_.

“If I think one thing and speak another,  
I will both CRAB Christ and our Ladie His mother.”

\_Packman's Paternoster.\_

~Crabs~, in dicing, a pair of aces.

~Crabshells~, or TROTTER-CASES, shoes.—\_See\_ CARTS.

~Crack~, the favourite horse in a race. Steeplechase and hunting CRACKS have been made the subjects of well-known pictures, and “the gallops of the CRACKS” is a prominent line in the sporting papers.

~Crack~, first-rate, excellent; “a CRACK HAND,” an adept; a “CRACK article,” a good one. “A CRACK regiment,” a fashionable one.—\_Old.\_

~Crack~, dry firewood.—\_Modern Gipsy.\_

~Crack~, “in a CRACK (of the finger and thumb),” in a moment.

~Crack~, to break into a house; “CRACK A CRIB,” to commit burglary.

~Crack a bottle~, to drink. Shakspeare uses CRUSH in the same slang sense.

~Cracked up~, penniless or ruined.

~Cracking a crust~, rubbing along in the world. CRACKING A TIDY CRUST, means doing very well. This is a very common expression among the lower orders.

~Crackle~, or CRACKLING, the scored rind on a roast leg or loin of pork; hence applied to the velvet bars on the gowns of the students at St. John's College, Cambridge, long called "Hogs," and the covered bridge which connects one of the courts with the grounds, Isthmus of Suez (SUES, \_Lat.\_ SUS, a swine).

~Cracksman~, a burglar, \_i.e.\_, the man who CRACKS.

~Crack up~, to boast or praise.—\_Ancient English.\_

~Cram~, to lie or deceive, implying to fill up or CRAM a person with false stories; to impart or acquire learning quickly, to "grind" or prepare for an examination.

~Crammer~, one skilled in rapidly preparing others for an examination. One in the habit of telling lies.

~Cup-tosser~, a person who professes to tell fortunes by examining the grounds in tea or coffee cups. A cup or goblet, however, is the old mystic symbol of a juggler. \_French\_, JOUEUR DE GOBELET.

~Cure~, an odd person; a contemptuous term, abridged from CURIOSITY, which was formerly the favourite expression. The word cure, as originally applied, was London street slang, and was, as just stated, an abbreviation of curiosity, or, more correctly, of curious or queer fellow. Of late years it has, however, been used to denote a funny, humorous person, who can give and receive chaff.

~Curios~, a corruption of "curiosities;" any articles of vertu brought from abroad. Used by naval and military travellers and others.

~Currency~, persons born in Australia are there termed CURRENCY, while natives of England are termed STERLING. The allusion is to the difference between colonial and imperial moneys, which it may be as well to remark have no difference so far as actual value is concerned.

~Curse~, anything worthless. Corruption of the \_Old English\_ word KERSE, a small sour wild cherry; \_French\_, CERISE; \_German\_, KIRSCH. \_Vision of Piers Ploughman\_ :—

“Wisdom and witt nowe is \_not worth\_ a KERSE,  
But if it be carded with cootis as clothers  
Kembe their woole.”

The expression “not worth a CURSE,” used frequently nowadays, is

therefore not properly profane, though it is frequently intensified by a profane expletive. Horne Tooke says from KERSE, or CRESS. The expression “not worth a tinker’s CURSE,” may or may not have arisen from misapplication of the word’s origin, though as now used it certainly means curse in its usual sense. Tinkers do curse, unfortunately, and it will take a good deal of school-board work to educate them out of it, as well as a fair amount of time. The phrase “not worth a tinker’s damn,” is evidently a variation of this, unless indeed it should be spelt “dam,” and used as a reference to the general worthlessness of the wives and mothers of tinkers. This latter is merely offered to those who are speculative in such matters, and is not advanced as an opinion.

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## TO CLARENCE ST. CLAIRE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Woman of the World*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

### \_Regarding His Sister's Betrothal\_

Your request, my dear Clarence, that I try to influence your sister to change her determination in this matter, calls for some very plain statements from me.

I have known you and Elise since you were playing with marbles and rattles, and your mother and I have been very good acquaintances (scarcely intimate enough to be called friends) for more than a score of years. You are very much like your mother, both in exterior appearance and in mind. Elise is the image of her father at the time he captured your mother's romantic fancy, and as I recollect him when he died.

You were five years old, Elise three, at that time. Your mother lived with your father six years in months, an eternity in experience. You know that she was unhappy, and that he disillusioned her with love, and almost with life. He married your mother solely for her fortune. She was a sweet and beautiful girl, of excellent family, but your father had no qualities of mind or soul which enabled him to appreciate or care for any woman, save as she could be of use to him, socially and financially.

In six years he managed to dispose of all but a mere pittance of her fortune, and humiliated her in a thousand ways besides. His only decent act was to die and leave her undisturbed for the remainder of her life. Your uncle assisted in her support and saved the remnant of her property, so that she has, by careful and rigorous economy, been able to educate you and Elise, and keep up a respectable appearance in a quiet way.



Of course it was impossible to retain her place among the associates of her better days, and you know how bitter this fact has always made Elise. Your sister has the physical beauty and the overwhelming love of money and power which characterized your father. She has a modicum of your mother's sense of honour, but has been reared in a way not calculated to develop much strength of character. Your mother has been a slave to your sister. Elise is incapable of a deep, intense love for any man, and your mother's pessimistic ideas of love and marriage have still further acted upon her brain cells and atrophied whatever impulses may have been latent in her nature, to love and be loved. These qualities might have been developed had Elise been under the tutelage of some one versed in the science of brain building, but your mother, like most mothers, was not aware of the tremendous possibilities within her grasp, or of the effect of the ideas she expressed in the hearing of her children. Neither did she seem to recognize the father's traits in Elise, and undertake the work of eliminating them, as she might have done. She has been an unselfish and devoted mother, and has made too many sacrifices for Elise. At the same time, she has awakened the mind of your sister to ideals of principle and honour which will help her to be a better woman than her inheritance from your father would otherwise permit. But now, at the age of twenty-one, it is impossible to hope that she will develop into a self-sacrificing, loving, womanly woman, whose happiness can be found in a peaceful domestic life. She has seen your mother sad and despondent, under the yoke of genteel poverty, and heard her bemoan her lost privileges of wealth and station. This, added to her natural craving for money and place, renders a wealthy marriage her only hope of happiness on earth.

Mr. Volney has an enormous fortune. He is, as you say, a senile old man in his dotage. As you say again, such a marriage is a travesty. But Elise is incapable of feeling the love which alone renders marriage a holy institution. She has undesirable qualities which ought not to be transmitted to children, and she is absolutely devoid of maternal instincts.

I have heard her say she would consider motherhood the greatest disaster which could befall her. But she is unfitted for a self-supporting career, and she wants a home and position.

She has beauty, kind and generous impulses, and a love of playing Lady Bountiful. It is not so much that she wants to benefit the needy, as that she likes to place people under obligations and to have them look up to her as a superior being.

Old Mr. Volney is a miser, and his money is doing no one good. He has only distant relatives, and by taking Elise for a wife (according to law) he will wrong no one, and she will make much better use of his fortune than his heirs would make.

Your mother will be relieved of worry and care. Many worthy poor people and charities will receive help, and Elise will have her heart's desire--fine apparel, jewels, a social position, and no one to bother her. The valet and nurse will look after Mr. Volney, and his simple old heart will bask in the pride of an old man--the possession of a pretty young wife.

Had he full use of his mental faculties, and did he long for love and devotion, I would try and dissuade Elise from the marriage, but solely on his account, not on hers.

The young man you mention, as your choice of a suitor for the hand of your sister, might better go up in a balloon to seek for Eutopia than to expect happiness as her husband. He has a sweet, gentle, loving nature, a taste for quiet home joys, fondness for children, and he has two thousand a year, with small prospects of more in the near future.

He should marry a modest, domestic girl, with tastes similar to his own, and with no overweening ambitions. Elise would simply drive him mad in a year's time, with her restless discontent, her extravagance, and her desire for the expensive pleasures of earth. It is useless to reason with her, or to expect her to model her ideas to suit her circumstances. Inheritance and twenty-one years of wrong education must be taken into consideration. What would mean happiness for many women would mean misery for her. I can imagine no more dreadful destiny than to be tied to a senile old man by a legal ceremony, even were I given his millions in payment. But that will mean happiness to Elise.

I think we should let people seek their own ideals of happiness, when they break no law, and injure no other life by it.

I shall congratulate Elise by this post on having made so fortunate an alliance. I could not congratulate her were she to marry her young suitor. I shall congratulate your mother on having nothing to worry about, regarding the future of Elise.

And I advise you to take a philosophical view of the situation, and to remember that, in judging the actions of our fellow beings, we must take their temperaments, characteristics, and environment into consideration, not our own.

You have made the very common error of thinking, because Elise is a handsome young girl, that love, and home, and children would mean happiness to her.

Women vary as greatly as do plants and flowers in their needs. The horticulturist knows that he cannot treat them all alike, and he studies their different requirements.

To some he gives moisture and sun, to some shade, and to some dry, sandy soil. The thistle pushes forth a gorgeous bloom from an arid bed. It would die in the pond where the lily thrives.

Too much sentiment is wasted in this world and too much effort expended in trying to make all people happy in some one way.

When I was a little girl, a Sunday-school superintendent presented every girl in the class with a doll, and each doll was exactly the same. Most little girls like dolls, but I never played with one, as they were always so hopelessly inanimate. If the good man had given me a sled, or a book, or a picture, I would have been happy. As it was, his gift was a failure. You want to present your sister with a devoted young husband, a cottage, and several children, because you think every woman should possess these things. Your sister happens to be one who prefers a wealthy old invalid.

Let her have what she wants, my dear Clarence, and let her work out her destiny in her own way. She will do less harm in the world than if you forced her into your way. Now you must remember that you asked me to help you in this matter, and I could only write you the absolute facts of the situation, as I knew it to be. I feel fairly confident that you will accept my point of view, and act as best man at your sister's wedding.

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## COMPASSION

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Child and Country*, by Will Levington Comfort

I was struck early in the progress of the class of three with the difference between the little girl, now turned eleven, and the other two of fourteen and seventeen, in the one particular of daring to be herself. She has never been patronised; and in the last year or more has been actively encouraged to express the lovely and the elusive. Also, as stated, she has no particular talent for writing. She is the one who wants to be a mother. Not in the least precocious, her charm is quite equal for little girls or her elders. Her favourite companions until recently were those of her own age.

On the contrary, the other two were called to the work here because they want to write, and although this very tendency should keep open the passages between the zone of dreams and the more temperate zones of matter, the fashions and mannerisms of the hour, artfulness of speech and reading, the countless little reserves and covers for neglected thinking, the endless misunderstandings of life and the realities of

existence--had already begun to clog the ways which, to every old artist, are the very passages of power.

"... Except that ye become as little children----" that is the beginning of significant workmanship, as it is the essential of faith in religion. The great workmen have all put away the illusions of the world, or most of them, and all have told the same story--look to Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes, Balzac, Tolstoi, only to mention a little group of the nearer names. In their mid-years they served men, as they fancied men wanted to be served; and then they met the lie of this exterior purpose, confronted the lie with the realities of their own nature, and fought the fight for the cosmic simplicity which is so often the unconscious flowering of the child-mind. All of them wrenched open, as they could, the doors of the prison-house, and became more and more like little children at the end.

The quality I mean is difficult to express in straight terms. One must have the settings to see and delight in them. But it is also the quality of the modern verse. The new generation has it as no other generation, because the old shames and conventions are losing their weight in our hearts.... I was promising an untold something for a future lesson to the little girl yesterday, just as she was getting to work. The anticipation disturbed the present moment, and she said:

"Don't have secrets. When there are secrets, I always want to peek----"

Yesterday, a little later, we both looked up from work at the notes of a song-sparrow in the nearest elm. The song was more elaborate for the perfect morning. It was so joyous that it choked me--in the sunlight and elm-leaves. It stood out from all the songs of the morning because it was so near--every note so finished and perfect, and we were each in the pleasantness of our tasks. The little girl leaned over to the window. I was already watching. We heard the answer from the distance. The song was repeated, and again. In the hushes, we sipped the ecstasy from the Old Mother--that the sparrow knew and expressed. Like a flicker, he was gone--a leaning forward on the branch and then a blur,... presently this sentence in the room:

"... \_sang four songs and flew away. \_"

It was a word-portrait. It told me so much that I wanted; the number of course was not mental, but an obvious part of the inner impression. However, no after explanations will help--if the art of the thing is not apparent. I told it later in the day to another class, and a woman said--"Why, those six words make a Japanese poem."

And yesterday again, as we walked over to dinner, she said: "I see a Chinese city. It is dim and low and smoky. It is night and the lights are at half-mast."

She had been making a picture of her own of China. It throws the child in on herself to imagine thus. She has never been to China, and her reading on the subject was not recent. I always say to them: "It is all within. If you can listen deeply enough and see far enough, you can get it all. When a man wishes to write about a country, he is hindered as much as helped if he knows much about it. He feels called upon to express that which he has seen--which is so small compared to the big colour and atmosphere."

I had been to China but would have required a page to make such a picture.

A little while before she had been to Holland in fancy. She had told a story of a child there and "the little house in which she lived looked as if it had been made of old paving-blocks ripped up from the street."

Often she falls back upon the actual physical environment \_to get started\_, as this recent introduction: "To-day I am sitting on the end of a breakwater, listening to the peaceful noise the Lake makes as it slaps up against the heavy old rocks. The sun is pouring down hot rays upon my arms, bare feet and legs, turning them from winter's faded white----"

Or:

"Once I had my back up against an old Beech tree on a carpet of spring beauties and violet plants. Spiders, crickets and all sorts of little woodland bugs went crawling on me and around, but instead of shuddering at their little legs, I felt a part----"

I said to her about the China picture: "Put it down, and be careful to write it just as you see it, not trying to say what you have heard,--at least, until after your first picture is made...." I had a conviction that something prompted that "half-mast" matter, and that if we could get just at that process in the child's mind, we should have something very valuable for all concerned. But we can only approximate the inner pictures. The quality of impressionism in artistry endeavours to do that--to hurl the fleeting things into some kind of lasting expression. The greatest expressionist can only approximate, even after he has emerged from the prison-house and perfected his instrument through a life of struggle. His highest moments of production are those of his deepest inner listening--in which the trained mind-instrument is quiescent and receptive, its will entirely given over to the greater source within.

The forenoons with the little girl before the others came, showed me, among many things, that education should be mainly a happy process. If I find her getting too dreamy with the things she loves (that her

expression is becoming "wumbled," as Algernon Blackwood says), I administer a bit of stiff reading for the pure purpose of straightening out the brain. The best and driest of the human solids is John Stuart Mill. Weights, measures and intellectual balances are all honest in his work--honest to madness. He is the perfect antidote for dreams. Burke's ancient essay "On the Sublime" is hard reading, but has its rewards. You will laugh at a child of ten or eleven reading these things. I once kept the little girl for three days on the latter, and when I opened the doors of her refrigerating plant, and gave her Thoreau's "Walking"--there was something memorable in the liberation. She took to Thoreau, as one held in after a week of storm emerges into full summer. The release from any struggle leaves the mind with a new receptivity. It was not that I wanted her to \_get\_ Mill or Burke, but that the mental exercise which comes from grappling with these slaves of logic, or masters, as you like, is a development of tissue, upon which the dreams, playing forth again from within, find a fresh strength for expression.

Dreaming without action is a deadly dissipation. The mind of a child becomes fogged and ineffective when the dreams are not brought forth. Again, the dreams may be the brooding of a divine one, and yet if the mind does not furnish the power for transmuting them into matter, they are without value, and remain hid treasures. It is the same as faith without works. While I hold the conviction that the brain itself is best developed by the egress of the individual, rather than by any processes from without, yet I would not keep the exterior senses closed.

In fact, just here is an important point of this whole study. In the case of The Abbot it was the intellect which required development, even to begin upon the expression of that within which was mainly inarticulate, but mightily impressive, at least, to me. The Valley-Road Girl's mind was trained. She had obeyed scrupulously. In her case, the first business was to re-awaken her within, and her own words have related something of the process.

The point is this: If I have seemed at any time to make light of intellectual development, subserving it to intuitional expression, it is only because nineteen-twentieths of the effort of current educational systems is toward mental training to the neglect of those individual potencies which are the first value of each life, and the expression of which is the first purpose of life itself. My zeal for expression from within-outward amounts to an enthusiasm, and is stated rushingly as an heroic measure is brought, only because it is so pitifully overlooked in the present scheme of things.

Latin, mathematics, the great fact-world, above all that endlessly various plane of fruition which Nature and her infinite processes amount to, are all splendid tissue-builders; and of this tissue is formed the calibre of the individual by which his service is made effective to the world. As I have already written, one cannot shoot a forty-five

consciousness through a twenty-two brain. The stirring concept cannot get through to the world except through the brain.

In the last sentence I see a difficulty for the many who still believe that the brain contains the full consciousness. Holding that, most of the views stated here fall away into nothing. Perhaps one is naïve, not to have explained before, that from the view these things are written the brain is but a temporary instrument of expression--most superb and admirable at its best, but death is at work upon it; at its best, a listener, an interpreter, without creativeness; an instrument, like the machine which my fingers touch, but played upon not only from without but within.

If you look at the men who have become great in solitude, in prison, having been forced to turn their eyes within--you will find a hint to the possibilities. Yet they are rare compared to the many upon whom solitude has been thrust as the most terrible punitive process. By the time most men reach mid-life they are entirely dependent upon exterior promptings for their mental activity--the passage entirely closed between their intrinsic content and the brain that interprets. Solitary confinement makes madmen of such--if the door cannot be wrenched ajar.

The human brain is like a sieve, every brain differently meshed. If the current flows continually in one direction either from within-outward, or from the world-inward, the meshes become clogged, and can be cleansed only, as a sieve is flushed, by reversing the current. The ideal is to be powerful mentally and spiritually, of course. "I would have you powerful in two worlds," a modern Persian mystic said to one of his disciples.... Still I would not hold the two methods of development of equal importance. The world is crowded with strongly developed intellects that are without enduring significance, because they are not ignited by that inner individual force which would make them inimitable.

A man must achieve that individuality which is not a threescore-ten proposition, and must begin to express it in his work before he can take his place in the big cosmic orchestra. In fact, he must achieve his own individuality before he has a decent instrument to play upon, or any sense of interpretation of the splendid scores of life. In fact again, a man must achieve his own individuality before he can realise that the sense of his separateness which he has laboured under so long is a sham and a delusion.

Until a man has entered with passion upon the great conception of the Unity of all Existing Things (which is literally brooding upon this planet in these harrowing but high days of history), he is still out of the law, and the greater his intellect, the more destructive his energy. Time has made the greatest of the \_sheer\_ intellects of the past appear apish and inane; and has brought closer and closer to us with each racial crisis (sometimes the clearer according to their centuries of

remoteness) those spiritual intelligences who were first to bring us the conception of the Oneness of All Life, and the immortal fire, Compassion, which is to be the art of the future.

Finally, a man must achieve his own individuality before he has anything fit to give the world. He achieves this by the awakening of the giant within, whom many have reason to believe is immortal. Inevitably this awakening is an illumination of the life itself; and in the very dawn of this greater day, in the first touch of that white fire of Compassion, the Unity of All Things is descried.

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## **THE CIVIL RIGHTS' BILL**[6]

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BY ROBERT BROWNE ELLIOT

\_Representative from South Carolina\_

[Note 6: Extracts from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 6, 1874.]

\_Mr. Speaker:\_

While I am sincerely grateful for this high mark of courtesy that has been accorded to me by this House, it is a matter of regret to me that it is necessary at this day that I should rise in the presence of an American Congress to advocate a bill which simply asserts equal rights and equal public privileges for all classes of American citizens. I regret, sir, that the dark hue of my skin may lend a color to the imputation that I am controlled by motives personal to myself in my advocacy of this great measure of national justice. Sir, the motive that impels me is restricted by no such narrow boundary, but is as broad as your Constitution. I advocate it, sir, because it is right. The bill, however, not only appeals to your justice, but it demands a response from your gratitude.

In the events that led to the achievement of American independence the Negro was not an inactive or unconcerned spectator. He bore his part bravely upon many battlefields, although uncheered by that certain hope of political elevation which victory would secure to the white man. The tall granite shaft, which a grateful State has reared above its sons who



fell in defending Fort Griswold against the attack of Benedict Arnold, bears the name of Jordan, Freeman, and other brave men of the African race, who there cemented with their blood the corner-stone of the Republic. In the State which I have the honor in part to represent (South Carolina) the rifle of the black man rang out against the troops of the British Crown in the darkest days of the American Revolution. Said General Greene, who has been justly termed the "Washington of the North," in a letter written by him to Alexander Hamilton, on the 10th of January, 1781, from the vicinity of Camden, South Carolina: "There is no such thing as national character or national sentiment. The inhabitants are numerous, but they would be rather formidable abroad than at home. There is a great spirit of enterprise among the black people, and those that come out as volunteers are not a little formidable to the enemy."

At the battle of New Orleans under the immortal Jackson, a colored regiment held the extreme right of the American line unflinchingly, and drove back the British column that pressed upon them at the point of the bayonet. So marked was their valor on that occasion that it evoked from their great commander the warmest encomiums, as will be seen from his dispatch announcing the brilliant victory.

As the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Beck), who seems to be the leading exponent on this floor of the party that is arrayed against the principle of this bill, has been pleased, in season and out of season, to cast odium upon the Negro and to vaunt the chivalry of his State, I may be pardoned for calling attention to another portion of the same dispatch. Referring to the various regiments under his command, and their conduct on that field which terminated the second war of American Independence, General Jackson says. "At the very moment when the entire discomfiture of the enemy was looked for with a confidence amounting to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, in whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled."

In quoting this indisputable piece of history, I do so only by way of admonition and not to question the well-attested gallantry of the true Kentuckian, and to the gentleman that it would be well that he should not flaunt his heraldry so proudly while he bears this bar-sinister on the military escutcheon of his State--a State which answered the call of the Republic in 1861, when treason thundered at the very gates of the Capital, by coldly declaring her neutrality in the impending struggle. The Negro, true to that patriotism and love of country that have ever marked and characterized his history on this continent, came to the aid of the Government in its efforts to maintain the Constitution. To that Government he now appeals; that Constitution he now invokes for protection against outrage and unjust prejudices founded upon caste.

But, sir, we are told by the distinguished gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) that Congress has no power under the Constitution to pass such a law, and that the passage of such an act is in direct contravention

of the rights of the States. I cannot assent to any such proposition. The Constitution of a free government ought always to be construed in favor of human rights. Indeed, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, in positive words, invest Congress with the power to protect the citizen in his civil and political rights. Now, sir, what are civil rights? Rights natural, modified by civil society. Mr. Lieber says: "By civil liberty is meant, not only the absence of individual restraint, but liberty within the social system and political organism--a combination of principles, and laws which acknowledge, protect, and favor the dignity of man \* \* \* civil liberty is the result of man's two fold character as an individual and social being, so soon as both are equally respected." [7]

[Note 7: Lieber on Civil Liberty, page 25.]

Alexander Hamilton, the right-hand man of Washington in the perilous days of the then infant Republic; the great interpreter and expounder of the Constitution, says: "Natural liberty is the gift of a beneficent Creator to the whole human race; civil liberty is founded on it, civil liberty is only natural liberty modified and secured by civil society." [8]

[Note 8: Hamilton's History of the American Republic, Vol. I, page 70.]

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Are we then, sir, with the amendments to our constitution staring us in the face; with these grand truths of history before our eyes; with innumerable wrongs daily inflicted upon five million citizens demanding redress, to commit this question to the diversity of legislation? In the words of Hamilton--"Is it the interest of the Government to sacrifice individual rights to the preservation of the rights of an artificial being called the States? There can be no truer principle than this, that every individual of the community at large has an equal right to the protection of Government. Can this be a free Government if partial distinctions are tolerated or maintained?"

The rights contended for in this bill are among "the sacred rights of mankind, which are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

But the Slaughter-house cases!--The Slaughter-house cases!

The honorable gentleman from Kentucky, always swift to sustain the failing and dishonored cause of proscription, rushes forward and flaunts in our faces the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in

the Slaughter-house cases, and in that act he has been willingly aided by the gentleman from Georgia. Hitherto, in the contests which have marked the progress of the cause of equal civil rights, our opponents have appealed sometimes to custom, sometimes to prejudice, more often to pride of race, but they have never sought to shield themselves behind the Supreme Court. But now for the first time, we are told that we are barred by a decision of that court, from which there is no appeal. If this be true we must stay our hands. The cause of equal civil rights must pause at the command of a power whose edicts must be obeyed till the fundamental law of our country is changed.

Has the honorable gentleman from Kentucky considered well the claim he now advances? If it were not disrespectful I would ask, has he ever read the decision which he now tells us is an insuperable barrier to the adoption of this great measure of justice?

In the consideration of this subject, has not the judgment of the gentleman from Georgia been warped by the ghost of the dead doctrines of States-rights? Has he been altogether free from prejudices engendered by long training in that school of politics that well-nigh destroyed this Government?

Mr. Speaker, I venture to say here in the presence of the gentleman from Kentucky, and the gentleman from Georgia, and in the presence of the whole country, that there is not a line or word, not a thought or dictum even, in the decision of the Supreme Court in the great Slaughter-house cases, which casts a shadow of doubt on the right of Congress to pass the pending bill, or to adopt such other legislation as it may judge proper and necessary to secure perfect equality before the law to every citizen of the Republic. Sir, I protest against the dishonor now cast upon our Supreme Court by both the gentleman from Kentucky and the gentleman from Georgia. In other days, when the whole country was bowing beneath the yoke of slavery, when press, pulpit, platform, Congress and courts felt the fatal power of the slave oligarchy, I remember a decision of that court which no American now reads without shame and humiliation. But those days are past; the Supreme Court of to-day is a tribunal as true to freedom as any department of this Government, and I am honored with the opportunity of repelling a deep disgrace which the gentleman from Kentucky, backed and sustained as he is by the gentleman from Georgia, seeks to put upon it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The amendments in the Slaughter-house cases one and all, are thus declared to have as their all-pervading design and ends the security of the recently enslaved race, not only their nominal freedom, but their complete protection from those who had formerly exercised unlimited dominion over them. It is in this broad light that all these amendments must be read, the purpose to secure the perfect equality before the law

of all citizens of the United States. What you give to one class you must give to all, what you deny to one class you shall deny to all, unless in the exercise of the common and universal police power of the State, you find it needful to confer exclusive privileges on certain citizens, to be held and exercised still for the common good of all.

Such are the doctrines of the Slaughter-house cases--doctrines worthy of the Republic, worthy of the age, worthy of the great tribunal which thus loftily and impressively enunciates them. Do they--I put it to any man, be he lawyer or not; I put it to the gentleman from Georgia--do they give color even to the claim that this Congress may not now legislate against a plain discrimination made by State laws or State customs against that very race for whose complete freedom and protection these great amendments were elaborated and adopted? Is it pretended, I ask the honorable gentleman from Kentucky or the honorable gentleman from Georgia--is it pretended anywhere that the evils of which we complain, our exclusion from the public inn, from the saloon and table of the steamboat, from the sleeping-coach on the railway, from the right of sepulture in the public burial-ground, are an exercise of the police power of the State? Is such oppression and injustice nothing but the exercise by the State of the right to make regulations for the health, comfort, and security of all her citizens? Is it merely enacting that one man shall so use his own as not to injure another? Is the colored race to be assimilated to an unwholesome trade or to combustible materials, to be interdicted, to be shut up within prescribed limits? Let the gentleman from Kentucky or the gentleman from Georgia answer. Let the country know to what extent even the audacious prejudice of the gentleman from Kentucky will drive him, and how far even the gentleman from Georgia will permit himself to be led captive by the unrighteous teachings of a false political faith.

If we are to be likened in legal view to "unwholesome trades," to "large and offensive collections of animals" to "noxious slaughter-houses," to "the offal and stench which attend on certain manufactures" let it be avowed. If that is still the doctrine of the political party, to which the gentlemen belong, let it be put upon record. If State laws which deny us the common rights and privileges of other citizens, upon no possible or conceivable ground save one of prejudice, or of "taste" as the gentleman from Texas termed it, and as I suppose the gentlemen will prefer to call it, are to be placed under the protection of a decision which affirms the right of a State to regulate the police power of her great cities, then the decision is in conflict with the bill before us. No man will dare maintain such a doctrine. It is as shocking to the legal mind as it is offensive to the heart and conscience of all who love justice or respect manhood. I am astonished that the gentleman from Kentucky or the gentleman from Georgia should have been so grossly misled as to rise here and assert that the decision of the Supreme Court in these cases was a denial to Congress of the power to legislate against discriminations on account of race, color, or previous

conditions of servitude because that Court has decided that exclusive privileges conferred for the common protection of the lives and health of the whole community are not in violation of the recent amendments. The only ground upon which the grant of exclusive privileges to a portion of the community is ever defended is that the substantial good of all is promoted; that in truth it is for the welfare of the whole community that certain persons should alone pursue certain occupations. It is not the special benefit conferred on the few that moves the legislature, but the ultimate and real benefit of all, even of those who are denied the right to pursue those specified occupations. Does the gentleman from Kentucky say that my good is promoted when I am excluded from the public inn? Is the health or safety of the community promoted? Doubtless his prejudice is gratified. Doubtless his democratic instincts are pleased; but will he or his able coadjutor say that such exclusion is a lawful exercise of the police power of the State, or that it is not a denial to me of the equal protection of the laws? They will not so say.

But each of these gentlemen quote at some length from the decision of the court to show that the court recognizes a difference between citizenship of the United States and citizenship of the States. That is true and no man here who supports this bill questions or overlooks the difference. There are privileges and immunities which belong to me as a citizen of the United States, and there are other privileges and immunities which belong to me as a citizen of my State. The former are under the protection of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the latter are under the protection of the Constitution and laws of my State. But what of that? Are the rights which I now claim--the right to enjoy the common public conveniences of travel on public highways, of rest and refreshment at public inns, of education in public schools, of burial in public cemeteries--rights which I hold as a citizen of the United States or of my State? Or, to state the question more exactly, is not the denial of such privileges to me a denial to me of the equal protection of the laws? For it is under this clause of the fourteenth amendment that we place the present bill, no State shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." No matter, therefore, whether his rights are held under the United States or under his particular State he is equally protected by this amendment. He is always and everywhere entitled to the equal protection of the laws. All discrimination is forbidden; and while the rights of citizens of a State as such are not defined or conferred by the Constitution of the United States, yet all discrimination, all denial of equality before the law, all denial of equal protection of the laws whether State or national laws, is forbidden.

The distinction between the two kinds of citizenship is clear, and the Supreme Court has clearly pointed out this distinction, but it has nowhere written a word or line which denies to Congress the power to prevent a denial of equality of rights whether those rights exist by

virtue of citizenship of the United States or of a State. Let honorable members mark well this distinction. There are rights which are conferred on us by the United States. There are other rights conferred on us by the states of which we are individually the citizens. The fourteenth amendment does not forbid a state to deny to all its citizens any of those rights which the state itself has conferred with certain exceptions which are pointed out in the decision which we are examining. What it does forbid is inequality, is discrimination or, to use the words of the amendment itself, is the denial "to any person within its jurisdiction, the equal protection of the laws." If a State denies to me rights which are common to all her other citizens, she violates this amendment, unless she can show, as was shown in the Slaughter-house cases, that she does it in the legitimate exercise of her police power. If she abridges the rights of all her citizens equally, unless those rights are specifically guarded by the Constitution of the United States, she does not violate this amendment. This is not to put the rights which I hold by virtue of my citizenship of South Carolina under the protection of the national Government; it is not to blot out or overlook in the slightest particular the distinction between rights held under the United States and rights held under the States; but it seeks to secure equality to prevent discrimination, to confer as complete and ample protection on the humblest as on the highest.

The gentleman from Kentucky, in the course of the speech to which I am now replying, made a reference to the State of Massachusetts which betrays again the confusion which exists in his mind on this precise point. He tells us that Massachusetts excludes from the ballot-box all who cannot read and write, and points to that fact as the exercise of a right which this bill would abridge or impair. The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Dawes) answered him truly and well, but I submit that he did not make the best reply, why did he not ask the gentleman from Kentucky if Massachusetts had ever discriminated against any of her citizens on account of color, or race, or previous condition of servitude? When did Massachusetts sully her proud record by placing on her statute-book any law which admitted to the ballot the white man and shut out the black man. She has never done it; she will not do it; she cannot do it so long as we have a Supreme Court which reads the Constitution of our country with the eyes of Justice; nor can Massachusetts or Kentucky deny to any man on account of his race, color, or previous condition of servitude, that perfect equality of protection under the laws so long as Congress shall exercise the power to enforce by appropriate legislation the great and unquestionable securities embodied in the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

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Now, sir, having spoken of the prohibition imposed by Massachusetts, I may be pardoned for a slight inquiry as to the effect of this prohibition. First, it did not in any way abridge or curtail the

exercise of the suffrage by any person who enjoyed such right. Nor did it discriminate against the illiterate native and the illiterate foreigner. Being enacted for the good of the entire commonwealth, like all just laws, its obligations fell equally and impartially on all its citizens. And as a justification for such a measure, it is a fact too well known almost for mention here that Massachusetts had, from the beginning of her history, recognized the inestimable value of an educated ballot, by not only maintaining a system of free schools, but also enforcing an attendance thereupon, as one of the safeguards for the preservation of a real republican form of government. Recurring then, sir, to the possible contingency alluded to by the gentleman from Kentucky, should the State of Kentucky, having first established a system of common schools whose doors shall swing open freely to all, as contemplated by the provisions of this bill, adopt a provision similar to that of Massachusetts, no one would have cause justly to complain. And if in the coming years the result of such legislation should produce a constituency rivaling that of the Old Bay State, no one would be more highly gratified than I. Mr. Speaker, I have neither the time nor the inclination to notice the many illogical and forced conclusions, the numerous transfers of terms, or the vulgar insinuations which further encumber the argument of the gentleman from Kentucky. Reason and argument are worse than wasted upon those who meet every demand for political and civil liberty by such ribaldry as this--extracted from the speech of the gentleman from Kentucky: "I suppose there are gentlemen on this floor who would arrest, imprison, and fine a young woman in any State of the South if she were to refuse to marry a Negro man on account of color, race, or previous condition of servitude, in the event of his making her a proposal of marriage, and her refusing on that ground. That would be depriving him of a right he had under the amendment, and Congress would be asked to take it up and say, 'This insolent white woman must be taught to know that it is a misdemeanor to deny a man marriage because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,' and Congress will be urged to say after a while that that sort of thing must be put a stop to, and your conventions of colored men will come here asking you to enforce that right."

Now, sir, recurring to the venerable and distinguished gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) who has added his remonstrance against the passage of this bill, permit me to say that I share in the feeling of high personal regard for that gentleman which pervades this House. His years, his ability, and his long experience in public affairs entitle him to the measure of consideration which has been accorded to him on this floor. But in this discussion I cannot and will not forget that the welfare and rights of my whole race in this country are involved. When, therefore, the honorable gentleman from Georgia lends his voice and influence to defeat this measure, I do not shrink from saying that it is not from him that the American House of Representatives should take lessons in matters touching human rights or the joint relations of the State and national governments. While the honorable gentleman contented

himself with harmless speculations in his study, or in the columns of a newspaper, we might well smile at the impotence of his efforts to turn back the advancing tide of opinion and progress; but, when he comes again upon this national arena, and throws himself with all his power and influence across the path which leads to the full enfranchisement of my race, I meet him only as an adversary; nor shall age or any other consideration restrain me from saying that he now offers this Government which he has done his utmost to destroy, a very poor return for its magnanimous treatment, to come here and seek to continue, by the assertion of doctrines obnoxious to the true principles of our Government, the burdens and oppressions which rest upon five millions of his countrymen who never failed to lift their earnest prayers for the success of this Government when the gentleman was seeking to break up the union of these States and to blot the American Republic from the galaxy of nations.

Sir, it is scarcely twelve years since that gentleman shocked the civilized world by announcing the birth of a government which rested on human slavery as its corner-stone. The progress of events has swept away that pseudo-government which rested on greed, pride, and tyranny; and the race whom he then ruthlessly spurned and trampled on is here to meet him in debate, and to demand that the rights which are enjoyed by its former oppressors--who vainly sought to overthrow a Government which they could not prostitute to the base uses of slavery--shall be accorded to those who even in the darkness of slavery kept their allegiance true to freedom and the Union. Sir, the gentleman from Georgia has learned much since 1861; but he is still a laggard. Let him put away entirely the false and fatal theories which have so greatly marred an otherwise enviable record. Let him accept, in its fullness and beneficence, the great doctrine that American citizenship carries with it every civil and political right which manhood can confer. Let him lend his influence with all his masterly ability, to complete the proud structure of legislation which makes this nation worthy of the great declaration which heralded its birth and he will have done that which will most nearly redeem his reputation in the eyes of the world, and best vindicate the wisdom of that policy which has permitted him to regain his seat upon this floor.

To the diatribe of the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Harris) who spoke yesterday, and who so far transcended the limits of decency and propriety as to announce upon this floor that his remarks were addressed to white men alone, I shall have no word of reply. Let him feel that a Negro was not only too magnanimous to smite him in his weakness, but was even charitable enough to grant him the mercy of his silence. I shall, sir, leave to others less charitable the unenviable and fatiguing task of sifting out of that mass of chaff the few grains of sense that may, perchance deserve notice. Assuring the gentleman that the Negro in this country aims at a higher degree of intellect than that exhibited by him in this debate, I cheerfully commend him to the commiseration of all



intelligent men the world over--black men as well as white men.

Sir, equality before the law is now the broad, universal, glorious rule and mandate of the Republic. No State can violate that. Kentucky and Georgia may crowd their statute-books with retrograde and barbarous legislation; they may rejoice in the odious eminence of their consistent hostility to all the great steps of human progress which have marked our national history since slavery tore down the stars and stripes on Fort Sumter; but, if Congress shall do its duty, if Congress shall enforce the great guarantees which the Supreme Court has declared to be the one pervading purpose of all the recent amendments, then their unwise and unenlightened conduct will fall with the same weight upon the gentlemen from those States who now lend their influence to defeat this bill, as upon the poorest slave who once had no rights which the honorable gentlemen were bound to respect.

But, sir, not only does the decision in the Slaughter-house cases contain nothing which suggests a doubt of the power of Congress to pass the pending bill, but it contains an express recognition and affirmance of such power. I quote from page 81 of the volume: "Nor shall any State deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

In the light of the history of these amendments, and the pervading purpose of them which we have already discussed, it is not difficult to give a meaning to this clause. The existence of laws in the States where the newly emancipated Negroes resided, which discriminated with gross injustice and hardship against them as a class, was the evil to be remedied by this clause, and by it such laws are forbidden.

If, however, the States did not conform their views to its requirements, then, by the fifth section of the article of amendment, Congress was authorized to enforce it by suitable legislation. We doubt very much whether any action of a State not directed by way of discrimination against the Negroes as a class, or on account of their race, will ever be held to come within the purview of this provision. It is so clearly a provision for that race and that emergency, that a strong case would be necessary for its application to any other. But as it is a State that is to be dealt with, and not alone the validity of its laws, we may safely leave that matter until Congress shall have exercised its power, or some case of State oppression, by denial of equal justice in its courts, shall have claimed a decision at our hands.

No language could convey a more complete assertion of the power of Congress over the subject embraced in the present bill than is here expressed. If the States do not conform to the requirements of this clause, if they continue to deny to any person within their jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, or as the Supreme Court had said "deny equal justice in its Courts" then Congress is here said to have power to

enforce the Constitutional guarantee by appropriate legislation. That is the power which this bill now seeks to put in exercise.

It proposes to enforce the Constitutional guarantee against inequality and discrimination by appropriate legislation. It does not seek to confer new rights, nor to place rights conferred by State citizenship under the protection of the United States, but simply to prevent and forbid inequality and discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Never was there a bill which appealed for support more strongly to that sense of justice and fair play which has been said, and in the main with justice, to be a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Constitution warrants it; the Supreme Court sanctions it; justice demands it.

Sir, I have replied to the extent of my ability to the arguments which have been presented by the opponents of this measure. I have replied also to some of the legal propositions advanced by gentlemen on the other side; and now that I am about to conclude, I am deeply sensible of the imperfect manner in which I have performed the task. Technically, this bill is to decide upon the civil status of the colored American citizen; a point disputed at the very formation of our present form of government, when by a short-sighted policy, a policy repugnant to true republican government, one Negro counted as three-fifth of a man. The logical result of this mistake of the framers of the Constitution strengthened the cancer of slavery, which finally spread its poisonous tentacles over the southern portion of the body politic. To arrest its growth and save the nation we have passed through the harrowing operation of intestine war, dreaded at all times, resorted to at the last extremity, like the surgeon's knife, but absolutely necessary to extirpate the disease which threatened with the life of the nation the overthrow of civil and political liberty on this continent. In that dire extremity the members of the race which I have the honor in part to represent--the race which pleads for justice at your hands to-day,--forgetful of their inhuman and brutalizing servitude at the South, their degradation and ostracism at the North, flew willingly and gallantly to the support of the national Government.

Their sufferings, assistance, privations, and trials in the swamps and in the rice-fields, their valor on the land and on the sea, form a part of the ever-glorious record which makes up the history of a nation preserved, and might, should I urge the claim, incline you to respect and guarantee their rights and privileges as citizens of our common Republic. But I remember that valor, devotion, and loyalty are not always rewarded according to their just deserts, and that after the battle some who have borne the brunt of the fray may, through neglect or contempt, be assigned to a subordinate place, while the enemies in war may be preferred to the sufferers.

The results of the war, as seen in reconstruction, have settled forever

the political status of my race. The passage of this bill will determine the civil status, not only of the Negro, but of any other class of citizens who may feel themselves discriminated against. It will form the cap-stone of that temple of liberty, begun on this continent under discouraging circumstances, carried on in spite of the sneers of monarchists and the cavils of pretended friends of freedom, until at last it stands, in all its beautiful symmetry and proportions, a building the grandest which the world has ever seen, realizing the most sanguine expectations and the highest hopes of those who, in the name of equal, impartial, and universal liberty, laid the foundation-stone.

The Holy Scriptures tell us of an humble handmaiden who long, faithfully, and patiently gleaned in the rich fields of her wealthy kinsman, and we are told further that at last, in spite of her humble antecedents she found favor in his sight. For over two centuries our race has "reaped down your fields," the cries and woes which we have uttered have "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth" and we are at last politically free. The last vestiture only is needed--civil rights. Having gained this, we may, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and thankful that our prayer has been answered, repeat the prayer of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

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## THE HAUNTS OF MY CHILDHOOD

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Wonderful Visit*, by Charlie Chaplin

I jump into the automobile again and we drive along past Christ Church. There's Baxter Hall, where we used to see magic-lantern slides for a penny. The forerunner of the movie of to-day. I see significance in everything around me. You could get a cup of coffee and a piece of cake there and see the Crucifixion of Christ all at the same time.

We are passing the police station. A drear place to youth. Kennington Road is more intimate. It has grown beautiful in its decay. There is something fascinating about it.

Sleepy people seem to be living in the streets more than they used to when I played there. Kennington Baths, the reason for many a day's hookey. You could go swimming there, second class, for three pence (if you brought your own swimming trunks).

Through Brook Street to the upper Bohemian quarter, where third-rate

music-hall artists appear. All the same, a little more decayed, perhaps. And yet it is not just the same.

I am seeing it through other eyes. Age trying to look back through the eyes of youth. A common pursuit, though a futile one.

It is bringing home to me that I am a different person. It takes the form of art; it is beautiful. I am very impersonal about it. It is another world, and yet in it I recognise something, as though in a dream.

We pass the Kennington "pub," Kennington Cross, Chester Street, where I used to sleep. The same, but, like its brother landmarks, a bit more dilapidated. There is the old tub outside the stables where I used to wash. The same old tub, a little more twisted.

I tell the driver to pull up again. "Wait a moment." I do not know why, but I want to get out and walk. An automobile has no place in this setting. I have no particular place to go. I just walk along down Chester Street. Children are playing, lovely children. I see myself among them back there in the past. I wonder if any of them will come back some day and look around enviously at other children.

Somehow they seem different from those children with whom I used to play. Sweeter, more dainty were these little, begrimed kids with their arms entwined around one another's waists. Others, little girls mostly, sitting on the doorsteps, with dolls, with sewing, all playing at that universal game of "mothers."

For some reason I feel choking up. As I pass they look up. Frankly and without embarrassment they look at the stranger with their beautiful, kindly eyes. They smile at me. I smile back. Oh, if I could only do something for them. These waifs with scarcely any chance at all.

Now a woman passes with a can of beer. With a white skirt hanging down, trailing at the back. She treads on it. There, she has done it again. I want to shriek with laughter at the joy of being in this same old familiar Kennington. I love it.

It is all so soft, so musical; there is so much affection in the voices. They seem to talk from their souls. There are the inflections that carry meanings, even if words were not understood. I think of Americans and myself. Our speech is hard, monotonous, except where excitement makes it more noisy.

There is a barber shop where I used to be the lather boy. I wonder if the same old barber is still there? I look. No, he is gone. I see two or three kiddies playing on the porch. Foolish, I give them something.

It creates attention. I am about to be discovered.

I leap into the taxi again and ride on. We drive around until I have escaped from the neighbourhood where suspicion has been planted and come to the beginning of Lambeth Walk. I get out and walk along among the crowds.

People are shopping. How lovely the cockneys are! How romantic the figures, how sad, how fascinating! Their lovely eyes. How patient they are! Nothing conscious about them. No affectation, just themselves, their beautifully gay selves, serene in their limitations, perfect in their type.

I am the wrong note in this picture that nature has concentrated here. My clothes are a bit conspicuous in this setting, no matter how unobtrusive my thoughts and actions. Dressed as I am, one never strolls along Lambeth Walk.

I feel the attention I am attracting. I put my handkerchief to my face. People are looking at me, at first slyly, then insistently. Who am I? For a moment I am caught unawares.

A girl comes up--thin, narrow-chested, but with an eagerness in her eyes that lifts her above any physical defects.

"Charlie, don't you know me?"

Of course I know her. She is all excited, out of breath. I can almost feel her heart thumping with emotion as her narrow chest heaves with her hurried breathing. Her face is ghastly white, a girl about twenty-eight. She has a little girl with her.

This girl was a little servant girl who used to wait on us at the cheap lodging-house where I lived. I remembered that she had left in disgrace. There was tragedy in it. But I could detect a certain savage gloriousness in her. She was carrying on with all odds against her. Hers is the supreme battle of our age. May she and all others of her kind meet a kindly fate.

With pent-up feelings we talk about the most commonplace things.

"Well, how are you, Charlie?"

"Fine." I point to the little girl. "Is she your little girl?"

She says, "Yes."

That's all, but there doesn't seem to be much need of conversation. We just look and smile at each other and we both weave the other's story

hurriedly through our own minds by way of the heart. Perhaps in our weaving we miss a detail or two, but substantially we are right. There is warmth in the renewed acquaintance. I feel that in this moment I know her better than I ever did in the many months I used to see her in the old days. And right now I feel that she is worth knowing.

There's a crowd gathering. It's come. I am discovered, with no chance for escape. I give the girl some money to buy something for the child, and hurry on my way. She understands and smiles. Crowds are following. I am discovered in Lambeth Walk.

But they are so charming about it. I walk along and they keep behind at an almost standard distance. I can feel rather than hear their shuffling footsteps as they follow along, getting no closer, losing no ground. It reminds me of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

All these people just about five yards away, all timid, thrilled, excited at hearing my name, but not having the courage to shout it under this spell.

"There he is." "That's 'im." All in whispers hoarse with excitement and carrying for great distance, but at the same time repressed by the effort of whispering. What manners these cockneys have! The crowds accumulate. I am getting very much concerned. Sooner or later they are going to come up, and I am alone, defenceless. What folly this going out alone, and along Lambeth Walk!

Eventually I see a bobby, a sergeant--or, rather, I think him one, he looks so immaculate in his uniform. I go to him for protection.

"Do you mind?" I say. "I find I have been discovered. I am Charlie Chaplin. Would you mind seeing me to a taxi?"

"That's all right, Charlie. These people won't hurt you. They are the best people in the world. I have been with them for fifteen years." He speaks with a conviction that makes me feel silly and deservedly rebuked.

I say, "I know it; they are perfectly charming."

"That's just it," he answers. "They are charming and nice."

They had hesitated to break in upon my solitude, but now, sensing that I have protection, they speak out.

"Hello, Charlie!" "God bless you, Charlie!" "Good luck to you, lad!" As each flings his or her greetings they smile and self-consciously back away into the group, bringing others to the fore for their greeting. All of them have a word--old women, men, children. I am

almost overcome with the sincerity of their welcome.

We are moving along and come to a street corner and into Kennington Road again. The crowds continue following as though I were their leader, with nobody daring to approach within a certain radius.

The little cockney children circle around me to get a view from all sides.

I see myself among them. I, too, had followed celebrities in my time in Kennington. I, too, had pushed, edged, and fought my way to the front rank of crowds, led by curiosity. They are in rags, the same rags, only more ragged.

They are looking into my face and smiling, showing their blackened teeth. Good God! English children's teeth are terrible! Something can and should be done about it. But their eyes!

Soulful eyes with such a wonderful expression. I see a young girl glance slyly at her beau. What a beautiful look she gives him! I find myself wondering if he is worthy, if he realises the treasure that is his. What a lovely people!

We are waiting. The policeman is busy hailing a taxi. I just stand there self-conscious. Nobody asks any questions. They are content to look. Their steadfast watching is so impressing. I feel small--like a cheat. Their worship does not belong to me. God, if I could only do something for all of them!

But there are too many--too many. Good impulses so often die before this "too many."

I am in the taxi.

"Good-bye, Charlie! God bless you!" I am on my way.

The taxi is going up Kennington Road along Kennington Park. Kennington Park. How depressing Kennington Park is! How depressing to me are all parks! The loneliness of them. One never goes to a park unless one is lonesome. And lonesomeness is sad. The symbol of sadness, that's a park.

But I am fascinated now with it. I am lonesome and want to be. I want to commune with myself and the years that are gone. The years that were passed in the shadow of this same Kennington Park. I want to sit on its benches again in spite of their treacherous bleakness, in spite of the drabness.

But I am in a taxi. And taxis move fast. The park is out of sight. Its

alluring spell is dismissed with its passing. I did not sit on the bench. We are driving toward Kennington Gate.

Kennington Gate. That has its memories. Sad, sweet, rapidly recurring memories.

'Twas here, my first appointment with Hetty (Sonny's sister). How I was dolled up in my little, tight-fitting frock coat, hat, and cane! I was quite the dude as I watched every street car until four o'clock waiting for Hetty to step off, smiling as she saw me waiting.

I get out and stand there for a few moments at Kennington Gate. My taxi driver thinks I am mad. But I am forgetting taxi drivers. I am seeing a lad of nineteen, dressed to the pink, with fluttering heart, waiting, waiting for the moment of the day when he and happiness walked along the road. The road is so alluring now. It beckons for another walk, and as I hear a street car approaching I turn eagerly, for the moment almost expecting to see the same trim Hetty step off, smiling.

The car stops. A couple of men get off. An old woman. Some children. But no Hetty.

Hetty is gone. So is the lad with the frock coat and cane.

Back into the cab, we drive up Brixton Road. We pass Glenshore Mansions--a more prosperous neighbourhood. Glenshore Mansions, which meant a step upward to me, where I had my Turkish carpets and my red lights in the beginning of my prosperity.

We pull up at The Horns for a drink. The same Horns. Used to adjoin the saloon bar. It has changed. Its arrangement is different. I do not recognise the keeper. I feel very much the foreigner now; do not know what to order. I am out of place. There's a barmaid.

How strange, this lady with the coiffured hair and neat little shirtwaist!

"What can I do for you, sir?"

I am swept off my feet. Impressed. I want to feel very much the foreigner. I find myself acting.

"What have you got?"

She looks surprised.

"Ah, give me ginger beer." I find myself becoming a little bit affected. I refuse to understand the money--the shillings and the



pence. It is thoroughly explained to me as each piece is counted before me. I go over each one separately and then leave it all on the table.

There are two women seated at a near-by table. One is whispering to the other. I am recognised.

"That's 'im; I tell you 'tis."

"Ah, get out! And wot would 'e be a-doin' 'ere?"

I pretend not to hear, not to notice. But it is too ominous. Suddenly a white funk comes over me and I rush out and into the taxi again. It's closing time for a part of the afternoon. Something different. I am surprised. It makes me think it is Sunday. Then I learn that it is a new rule in effect since the war.

I am driving down Kennington Road again. Passing Kennington Cross.

Kennington Cross.

It was here that I first discovered music, or where I first learned its rare beauty, a beauty that has gladdened and haunted me from that moment. It all happened one night while I was there, about midnight. I recall the whole thing so distinctly.

I was just a boy, and its beauty was like some sweet mystery. I did not understand. I only knew I loved it and I became reverent as the sounds carried themselves through my brain \_via\_ my heart.

I suddenly became aware of a harmonica and a clarinet playing a weird, harmonious message. I learned later that it was "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." It was played with such feeling that I became conscious for the first time of what melody really was. My first awakening to music.

I remembered how thrilled I was as the sweet sounds pealed into the night. I learned the words the next day. How I would love to hear it now, that same tune, that same way!

Conscious of it, yet defiant, I find myself singing the refrain softly to myself:

You are the honey, honeysuckle. I am the bee;  
I'd like to sip the honey, dear, from those red lips. You see  
I love you dearie, dearie, and I want you to love me--  
You are my honey, honeysuckle. I am your bee.

Kennington Cross, where music first entered my soul. Trivial, perhaps, but it was the first time.

There are a few stragglers left as I pass on my way along Manchester Bridge at the Prince Road. They are still watching me. I feel that Kennington Road is alive to the fact that I am in it. I am hoping that they are feeling that I have come back, not that I am a stranger in the public eye.

I am on my way back. Crossing Westminster Bridge. I enter a new land. I go back to the Haymarket, back to the Ritz to dress for dinner.

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## THE CULT OF HOPE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Prejudices, Second Series*, by H. L. Mencken

Of all the sentimental errors which reign and rage in this incomparable republic, the worst, I often suspect, is that which confuses the function of criticism, whether æsthetic, political or social, with the function of reform. Almost invariably it takes the form of a protest: "The fellow condemns without offering anything better. Why tear down without building up?" So coo and snivel the sweet ones: so wags the national tongue. The messianic delusion becomes a sort of universal murrain. It is impossible to get an audience for an idea that is not "constructive"--i. e., that is not glib, and uplifting, and full of hope, and hence capable of tickling the emotions by leaping the intermediate barrier of the intelligence.

In this protest and demand, of course, there is nothing but a hollow sound of words--the empty babbling of men who constantly mistake their mere feelings for thoughts. The truth is that criticism, if it were thus confined to the proposing of alternative schemes, would quickly cease to have any force or utility at all, for in the overwhelming majority of instances no alternative scheme of any intelligibility is imaginable, and the whole object of the critical process is to demonstrate it. The poet, if the victim is a poet, is simply one as bare of gifts as a herring is of fur: no conceivable suggestion will ever make him write actual poetry. The cancer cure, if one turns to popular swindles, is wholly and absolutely without merit--and the fact that medicine offers us no better cure does not dilute its bogusness in the slightest. And the plan of reform, in politics, sociology or what not, is simply beyond the pale of reason; no change in it or improvement of it will ever make it achieve the downright impossible. Here, precisely, is what is the matter with most of the notions that go floating about the country, particularly in the field of governmental reform. The trouble with them is not only that they won't and don't work; the trouble with them, more importantly, is that the thing they

propose to accomplish is intrinsically, or at all events most probably, beyond accomplishment. That is to say, the problem they are ostensibly designed to solve is a problem that is insoluble. To tackle them with a proof of that insolubility, or even with a colorable argument of it, is sound criticism; to tackle them with another solution that is quite as bad, or even worse, is to pick the pocket of one knocked down by an automobile.

Unluckily, it is difficult for a certain type of mind to grasp the concept of insolubility. Thousands of poor dolts keep on trying to square the circle; other thousands keep pegging away at perpetual motion. The number of persons so afflicted is far greater than the records of the Patent Office show, for beyond the circle of frankly insane enterprise there lie circles of more and more plausible enterprise, and finally we come to a circle which embraces the great majority of human beings. These are the optimists and chronic hoppers of the world, the believers in men, ideas and things. These are the advocates of leagues of nations, wars to make the world safe for democracy, political mountebanks, "clean-up" campaigns, laws, raids, Men and Religion Forward Movements, eugenics, sex hygiene, education, newspapers. It is the settled habit of such credulous folk to give ear to whatever is comforting; it is their settled faith that whatever is desirable will come to pass. A caressing confidence--but one, unfortunately, that is not borne out by human experience. The fact is that some of the things that men and women have desired most ardently for thousands of years are not nearer realization to-day than they were in the time of Rameses, and that there is not the slightest reason for believing that they will lose their coyness on any near to-morrow. Plans for hurrying them on have been tried since the beginning; plans for forcing them overnight are in copious and antagonistic operation to-day; and yet they continue to hold off and elude us, and the chances are that they will keep on holding off and eluding us until the angels get tired of the show, and the whole earth is set off like a gigantic bomb, or drowned, like a sick cat, between two buckets.

But let us avoid the grand and chronic dreams of the race and get down to some of the concrete problems of life under the Christian enlightenment. Let us take a look, say, at the so-called drink problem, a small sub-division of the larger problem of saving men from their inherent and incurable hoggishness. What is the salient feature of the discussion of the drink problem, as one observes it going on eternally in These States? The salient feature of it is that very few honest and intelligent men ever take a hand in the business--that the best men of the nation, distinguished for their sound sense in other fields, seldom show any interest in it. On the one hand it is labored by a horde of obvious jackasses, each confident that he can dispose of it overnight. And on the other hand it is sophisticated and obscured by a crowd of oblique fellows, hired by interested parties, whose secret desire is that it be kept unsolved. To one side, the professional gladiators

of Prohibition; to the other side, the agents of the brewers and distillers. But why do all neutral and clear-headed men avoid it? Why does one hear so little about it from those who have no personal stake in it, and can thus view it fairly and accurately? Is it because they are afraid? Is it because they are not intrigued by it? I doubt that it would be just to accuse them in either way. The real reason why they steer clear of the gabble is simpler and more creditable. It is this: that none of them--that no genuinely thoughtful and prudent man--can imagine any solution which meets the tests of his own criticism--that no genuinely intelligent man believes the thing is soluble at all.

Here, of course, I generalize a bit heavily. Honest and intelligent men, though surely not many of them, occasionally come forward with suggestions. In the midst of so much debate it is inevitable that even a man of critical mind should sometimes lean to one side or the other--that some salient imbecility should make him react toward its rough opposite. But the fact still remains that not a single complete and comprehensive scheme has ever come from such a man, that no such man has ever said, in so many words, that he thought the problem could be solved, simply and effectively. All such schemes come from idiots or from sharpers disguised as idiots to win the public confidence. The whole discussion is based upon assumptions that even the most casual reflection must reject as empty balderdash.

And as with the drink problem, so with most of the other great questions that harass and dismay the helpless human race. Turn, for example, to the sex problem. There is no half-baked ecclesiastic, bawling in his galvanized-iron temple on a suburban lot, who doesn't know precisely how it ought to be dealt with. There is no fantoddish old suffragette, sworn to get her revenge on man, who hasn't a sovereign remedy for it. There is not a shyster of a district attorney, ambitious for higher office, who doesn't offer to dispose of it in a few weeks, given only enough help from the city editors. And yet, by the same token, there is not a man who has honestly studied it and pondered it, bringing sound information to the business, and understanding of its inner difficulties and a clean and analytical mind, who doesn't believe and hasn't stated publicly that it is intrinsically and eternally insoluble. I can't think of an exception, nor does a fresh glance through the literature suggest one. The latest expert to tell the disconcerting truth is Dr. Maurice Parmelee, the criminologist. His book, "Personality and Conduct," is largely devoted to demonstrating that the popular solutions, for all the support they get from vice crusaders, complaisant legislators and sensational newspapers, are unanimously imbecile and pernicious--that their only effect in practice is to make what was bad a good deal worse. His remedy is--what? An alternative solution? Not at all. His remedy, in brief, is to abandon all attempts at a solution, to let the whole thing go, to cork up all the reformers and try to forget it.

And in this proposal he merely echoes Havelock Ellis, undoubtedly the most diligent and scientific student of the sex problem that the world has yet seen--in fact, the one man who, above all others, has made a decorous and intelligent examination of it possible. Ellis' remedy is simply a denial of all remedies. He admits that the disease is bad, but he shows that the medicine is infinitely worse, and so he proposes going back to the plain disease, and advocates bearing it with philosophy, as we bear colds in the head, marriage, the noises of the city, bad cooking and the certainty of death. Man is inherently vile--but he is never so vile as when he is trying to disguise and deny his vileness. No prostitute was ever so costly to a community as a prowling and obscene vice crusader, or as the dubious legislator or prosecuting officer who jumps as he pipes.

Ellis, in all this, falls under the excommunication of the sentimentalists. He demolishes one scheme without offering an alternative scheme. He tears down without making any effort to build up. This explains, no doubt, his general unpopularity; into mouths agape for peruna, he projects only paralyzing streams of ice-water. And it explains, too, the curious fact that his books, the most competent and illuminating upon the subject that they discuss, are under the ban of the Comstocks in both England and America, whereas the hollow treatises of ignorant clerics and smutty old maids are merchanted with impunity, and even commended from the sacred desk. The trouble with Ellis is that he tells the truth, which is the unsafest of all things to tell. His crime is that he is a man who prefers facts to illusions, and knows what he is talking about. Such men are never popular. The public taste is for merchandise of a precisely opposite character. The way to please is to proclaim in a confident manner, not what is true, but what is merely comforting. This is what is called building up. This is constructive criticism.

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## THE COLORADO

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Log of a Cowboy*, by Andy Adams

The month of May found our Circle Dot herd, in spite of all drawbacks, nearly five hundred miles on its way. For the past week we had been traveling over that immense tableland which skirts the arid portion of western Texas. A few days before, while passing the blue mountains which stand as a southern sentinel in the chain marking the headwaters of the Concho River, we had our first glimpse of the hills. In its almost primitive condition, the country was generous, supplying every want for sustenance of horses and cattle. The grass at this stage of the season was well matured, the herd taking on flesh in a very

gratifying manner, and, while we had crossed some rocky country, lame and sore-footed cattle had as yet caused us no serious trouble.

One morning when within one day's drive of the Colorado River, as our herd was leaving the bed ground, the last guard encountered a bunch of cattle drifting back down the trail. There were nearly fifty head of the stragglers; and as one of our men on guard turned them to throw them away from our herd, the road brand caught his eye, and he recognized the strays as belonging to the Ellison herd which had passed us at the Indian Lakes some ten days before. Flood's attention once drawn to the brand, he ordered them thrown into our herd. It was evident that some trouble had occurred with the Ellison cattle, possibly a stampede; and it was but a neighborly act to lend any assistance in our power. As soon as the outfit could breakfast, mount, and take the herd, Flood sent Priest and me to scout the country to the westward of the trail, while Bob Blades and Ash Borrowstone started on a similar errand to the eastward, with orders to throw in any drifting cattle in the Ellison road brand. Within an hour after starting, the herd encountered several straggling bands, and as Priest and I were on the point of returning to the herd, we almost overrode a bunch of eighty odd head lying down in some broken country. They were gaunt and tired, and The Rebel at once pronounced their stiffened movements the result of a stampede.

We were drifting them back towards the trail, when Nat Straw and two of his men rode out from our herd and met us. "I always did claim that it was better to be born lucky than handsome," said Straw as he rode up. "One week Flood saves me from a dry drive, and the very next one, he's just the right distance behind to catch my drift from a nasty stampede. Not only that, but my peelers and I are riding Circle Dot horses, as well as reaching the wagon in time for breakfast and lining our flues with Lovell's good chuck. It's too good luck to last, I'm afraid.

"I'm not hankering for the dramatic in life, but we had a run last night that would curl your hair. Just about midnight a bunch of range cattle ran into us, and before you could say Jack Robinson, our dogies had vamoosed the ranch and were running in half a dozen different directions. We rounded them up the best we could in the dark, and then I took a couple of men and came back down the trail about twenty miles to catch any drift when day dawned. But you see there's nothing like being lucky and having good neighbors,--cattle caught, fresh horses, and a warm breakfast all waiting for you. I'm such a lucky dog, it's a wonder some one didn't steal me when I was little. I can't help it, but some day I'll marry a banker's daughter, or fall heir to a ranch as big as old McCulloch County."

Before meeting us, Straw had confided to our foreman that he could assign no other plausible excuse for the stampede than that it was the

work of cattle rustlers. He claimed to know the country along the Colorado, and unless it had changed recently, those hills to the westward harbored a good many of the worst rustlers in the State. He admitted it might have been wolves chasing the range cattle, but thought it had the earmarks of being done by human wolves. He maintained that few herds had ever passed that river without loss of cattle, unless the rustlers were too busy elsewhere to give the passing herd their attention. Straw had ordered his herd to drop back down the trail about ten miles from their camp of the night previous, and about noon the two herds met on a branch of Brady Creek. By that time our herd had nearly three hundred head of the Ellison cattle, so we held it up and cut theirs out. Straw urged our foreman, whatever he did, not to make camp in the Colorado bottoms or anywhere near the river, if he didn't want a repetition of his experience. After starting our herd in the afternoon, about half a dozen of us turned back and lent a hand in counting Straw's herd, which proved to be over a hundred head short, and nearly half his outfit were still out hunting cattle. Acting on Straw's advice, we camped that night some five or six miles back from the river on the last divide. From the time the second guard went on until the third was relieved, we took the precaution of keeping a scout outriding from a half to three quarters of a mile distant from the herd, Flood and Honeyman serving in that capacity. Every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise; and in case anything did happen, our night horses tied to the wagon wheels stood ready saddled and bridled for any emergency. But the night passed without incident.

An hour or two after the herd had started the next morning, four well mounted, strange men rode up from the westward, and representing themselves as trail cutters, asked for our foreman. Flood met them, in his usual quiet manner, and after admitting that we had been troubled more or less with range cattle, assured our callers that if there was anything in the herd in the brands they represented, he would gladly hold it up and give them every opportunity to cut their cattle out. As he was anxious to cross the river before noon, he invited the visitors to stay for dinner, assuring them that before starting the herd in the afternoon, he would throw the cattle together for their inspection. Flood made himself very agreeable, inquiring into cattle and range matters in general as well as the stage of water in the river ahead. The spokesman of the trail cutters met Flood's invitation to dinner with excuses about the pressing demands on his time, and urged, if it did not seriously interfere with our plans, that he be allowed to inspect the herd before crossing the river. His reasons seemed trivial and our foreman was not convinced.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, "in handling these southern cattle, we must take advantage of occasions. We have timed our morning's drive so as to reach the river during the warmest hour of the day, or as near noon as possible. You can hardly imagine what a difference there is,

in fording this herd, between a cool, cloudy day and a clear, hot one. You see the herd is strung out nearly a mile in length now, and to hold them up and waste an hour or more for your inspection would seriously disturb our plans. And then our wagon and \_remuda\_ have gone on with orders to noon at the first good camp beyond the river. I perfectly understand your reasons, and you equally understand mine; but I will send a man or two back to help you recross any cattle you may find in our herd. Now, if a couple of you gentlemen will ride around on the far side with me, and the others will ride up near the lead, we will trail the cattle across when we reach the river without cutting the herd into blocks."

Flood's affability, coupled with the fact that the lead cattle were nearly up to the river, won his point. Our visitors could only yield, and rode forward with our lead swing men to assist in forcing the lead cattle into the river. It was swift water, but otherwise an easy crossing, and we allowed the herd, after coming out on the farther side, to spread out and graze forward at its pleasure. The wagon and saddle stock were in sight about a mile ahead, and leaving two men on herd to drift the cattle in the right direction, the rest of us rode leisurely on to the wagon, where dinner was waiting. Flood treated our callers with marked courtesy during dinner, and casually inquired if any of their number had seen any cattle that day or the day previous in the Ellison road brand. They had not, they said, explaining that their range lay on both sides of the Concho, and that during the trail season they kept all their cattle between that river and the main Colorado. Their work had kept them on their own range recently, except when trail herds were passing and needed to be looked through for strays. It sounded as though our trail cutters could also use diplomacy on occasion.

When dinner was over and we had caught horses for the afternoon and were ready to mount, Flood asked our guests for their credentials as duly authorized trail cutters. They replied that they had none, but offered in explanation the statement that they were merely cutting in the interest of the immediate locality, which required no written authority.

Then the previous affability of our foreman turned to iron. "Well, men," said he, "if you have no authority to cut this trail, then you don't cut this herd. I must have inspection papers before I can move a brand out of the county in which it is bred, and I'll certainly let no other man, local or duly appointed, cut an animal out of this herd without written and certified authority. You know that without being told, or ought to. I respect the rights of every man posted on a trail to cut it. If you want to see my inspection papers, you have a right to demand them, and in turn I demand of you your credentials, showing who you work for and the list of brands you represent; otherwise no harm's done; nor do you cut any herd that I'm driving."



"Well," said one of the men, "I saw a couple of head in my own individual brand as we rode up the herd. I'd like to see the man who says that I haven't the right to claim my own brand, anywhere I find it."

"If there's anything in our herd in your individual brand," said Flood, "all you have to do is to give me the brand, and I'll cut it for you. What's your brand?"

"The 'Window Sash.'"

"Have any of you boys seen such a brand in our herd?" inquired Flood, turning to us as we all stood by our horses ready to start.

"I didn't recognize it by that name," replied Quince Forrest, who rode in the swing on the branded side of the cattle and belonged to the last guard, "but I remember seeing such a brand, though I would have given it a different name. Yes, come to think, I'm sure I saw it, and I'll tell you where: yesterday morning when I rode out to throw those drifting cattle away from our herd, I saw that brand among the Ellison cattle which had stampeded the night before. When Straw's outfit cut theirs out yesterday, they must have left the 'Window Sash' cattle with us; those were the range cattle which stampeded his herd. It looked to me a little blotched, but if I'd been called on to name it, I'd called it a thief's brand. If these gentlemen claim them, though, it'll only take a minute to cut them out."

"This outfit needn't get personal and fling out their insults," retorted the claimant of the "Window Sash" brand, "for I'll claim my own if there were a hundred of you. And you can depend that any animal I claim, I'll take, if I have to go back to the ranch and bring twenty men to help me do it."

"You won't need any help to get all that's coming to you," replied our foreman, as he mounted his horse. "Let's throw the herd together, boys, and cut these 'Window Sash' cattle out. We don't want any cattle in our herd that stampede on an open range at midnight; they must certainly be terrible wild."

As we rode out together, our trail cutters dropped behind and kept a respectable distance from the herd while we threw the cattle together. When the herd had closed to the required compactness, Flood called our trail cutters up and said, "Now, men, each one of you can take one of my outfit with you and inspect this herd to your satisfaction. If you see anything there you claim, we'll cut it out for you, but don't attempt to cut anything yourselves."

We rode in by pairs, a man of ours with each stranger, and after

riding leisurely through the herd for half an hour, cut out three head in the blotched brand called the "Window Sash." Before leaving the herd, one of the strangers laid claim to a red cow, but Fox Quarternight refused to cut the animal.

When the pair rode out the stranger accosted Flood. "I notice a cow of mine in there," said he, "not in your road brand, which I claim. Your man here refuses to cut her for me, so I appeal to you."

"What's her brand, Fox?" asked Flood.

"She's a 'Q' cow, but the colonel here thinks it's an 'O.' I happen to know the cow and the brand both; she came into the herd four hundred miles south of here while we were watering the herd in the Nueces River. The 'Q' is a little dim, but it's plenty plain to hold her for the present."

"If she's a 'Q' cow I have no claim on her," protested the stranger, "but if the brand is an 'O,' then I claim her as a stray from our range, and I don't care if she came into your herd when you were watering in the San Fernando River in Old Mexico, I'll claim her just the same. I'm going to ask you to throw her."

"I'll throw her for you," coolly replied Fox, "and bet you my saddle and six-shooter on the side that it isn't an 'O,' and even if it was, you and all the thieves on the Concho can't take her. I know a few of the simple principles of rustling myself. Do you want her thrown?"

"That's what I asked for."

"Throw her, then," said Flood, "and don't let's parley."

Fox rode back in to the herd, and after some little delay, located the cow and worked her out to the edge of the cattle. Dropping his rope, he cut her out clear of the herd, and as she circled around in an endeavor to reenter, he rode close and made an easy cast of the rope about her horns. As he threw his horse back to check the cow, I rode to his assistance, my rope in hand, and as the cow turned ends, I heeled her. A number of the outfit rode up and dismounted, and one of the boys taking her by the tail, we threw the animal as humanely as possible. In order to get at the brand, which was on the side, we turned the cow over, when Flood took out his knife and cut the hair away, leaving the brand easily traceable.

"What is she, Jim?" inquired Fox, as he sat his horse holding the rope taut.

"I'll let this man who claims her answer that question," replied Flood, as her claimant critically examined the brand to his

satisfaction.

"I claim her as an 'O' cow," said the stranger, facing Flood.

"Well, you claim more than you'll ever get," replied our foreman.

"Turn her loose, boys."

The cow was freed and turned back into the herd, but the claimant tried to argue the matter with Flood, claiming the branding iron had simply slipped, giving it the appearance of a "Q" instead of an "O" as it was intended to be. Our foreman paid little attention to the stranger, but when his persistence became annoying checked his argument by saying,--

"My Christian friend, there's no use arguing this matter. You asked to have the cow thrown, and we threw her. You might as well try to tell me that the cow is white as to claim her in any other brand than a 'Q.' You may read brands as well as I do, but you're wasting time arguing against the facts. You'd better take your 'Window Sash' cattle and ride on, for you've cut all you're going to cut here to-day. But before you go, for fear I may never see you again, I'll take this occasion to say that I think you're common cow thieves."

By his straight talk, our foreman stood several inches higher in our estimation as we sat our horses, grinning at the discomfiture of the trail cutters, while a dozen six-shooters slouched languidly at our hips to give emphasis to his words.

"Before going, I'll take this occasion to say to you that you will see me again," replied the leader, riding up and confronting Flood. "You haven't got near enough men to bluff me. As to calling me a cow thief, that's altogether too common a name to offend any one; and from what I can gather, the name wouldn't miss you or your outfit over a thousand miles. Now in taking my leave, I want to tell you that you'll see me before another day passes, and what's more, I'll bring an outfit with me and we'll cut your herd clean to your road brand, if for no better reasons, just to learn you not to be so insolent."

After hanging up this threat, Flood said to him as he turned to ride away, "Well, now, my young friend, you're bargaining for a whole lot of fun. I notice you carry a gun and quite naturally suppose you shoot a little as occasion requires. Suppose when you and your outfit come back, you come a-shooting, so we'll know who you are; for I'll promise you there's liable to be some powder burnt when you cut this herd."

Amid jeers of derision from our outfit, the trail cutters drove off their three lonely "Window Sash" cattle. We had gained the point we wanted, and now in case of any trouble, during inspection or at night,

we had the river behind us to catch our herd. We paid little attention to the threat of our disappointed callers, but several times Straw's remarks as to the character of the residents of those hills to the westward recurred to my mind. I was young, but knew enough, instead of asking foolish questions, to keep mum, though my eyes and ears drank in everything. Before we had been on the trail over an hour, we met two men riding down the trail towards the river. Meeting us, they turned and rode along with our foreman, some distance apart from the herd, for nearly an hour, and curiosity ran freely among us boys around the herd as to who they might be. Finally Flood rode forward to the point men and gave the order to throw off the trail and make a short drive that afternoon. Then in company with the two strangers, he rode forward to overtake our wagon, and we saw nothing more of him until we reached camp that evening. This much, however, our point man was able to get from our foreman: that the two men were members of a detachment of Rangers who had been sent as a result of information given by the first herd over the trail that year. This herd, which had passed some twenty days ahead of us, had met with a stampede below the river, and on reaching Abilene had reported the presence of rustlers preying on through herds at the crossing of the Colorado.

On reaching camp that evening with the herd, we found ten of the Rangers as our guests for the night. The detachment was under a corporal named Joe Hames, who had detailed the two men we had met during the afternoon to scout this crossing. Upon the information afforded by our foreman about the would-be trail cutters, these scouts, accompanied by Flood, had turned back to advise the Ranger squad, encamped in a secluded spot about ten miles northeast of the Colorado crossing. They had only arrived late the day before, and this was their first meeting with any trail herd to secure any definite information.

Hames at once assumed charge of the herd, Flood gladly rendering every assistance possible. We night herded as usual, but during the two middle guards, Hames sent out four of his Rangers to scout the immediate outlying country, though, as we expected, they met with no adventure. At daybreak the Bangers threw their packs into our wagon and their loose stock into our \_remuda\_, and riding up the trail a mile or more, left us, keeping well out of sight. We were all hopeful now that the trail cutters of the day before would make good their word and return. In this hope we killed time for several hours that morning, grazing the cattle and holding the wagon in the rear. Sending the wagon ahead of the herd had been agreed on as the signal between our foreman and the Ranger corporal, at first sight of any posse behind us. We were beginning to despair of their coming, when a dust cloud appeared several miles back down the trail. We at once hurried the wagon and \_remuda\_ ahead to warn the Rangers, and allowed the cattle to string out nearly a mile in length.

A fortunate rise in the trail gave us a glimpse of the cavalcade in our rear, which was entirely too large to be any portion of Straw's outfit; and shortly we were overtaken by our trail cutters of the day before, now increased to twenty-two mounted men. Flood was intentionally in the lead of the herd, and the entire outfit galloped forward to stop the cattle. When they had nearly reached the lead, Flood turned back and met the rustlers.

"Well, I'm as good as my word," said the leader, "and I'm here to trim your herd as I promised you I would. Throw off and hold up your cattle, or I'll do it for you."

Several of our outfit rode up at this juncture in time to hear Flood's reply: "If you think you're equal to the occasion, hold them up yourself. If I had as big an outfit \_as\_ you have, I wouldn't ask any man to help me. I want to watch a Colorado River outfit work a herd,--I might learn something. My outfit will take a rest, or perhaps hold the cut or otherwise clerk for you. But be careful and don't claim anything that you are not certain is your own, for I reserve the right to look over your cut before you drive it away."

The rustlers rode in a body to the lead, and when they had thrown the herd off the trail, about half of them rode back and drifted forward the rear cattle. Flood called our outfit to one side and gave us our instructions, the herd being entirely turned over to the rustlers. After they began cutting, we rode around and pretended to assist in holding the cut as the strays in our herd were being cut out. When the red "Q" cow came out, Fox cut her back, which nearly precipitated a row, for she was promptly recut to the strays by the man who claimed her the day before. Not a man of us even cast a glance up the trail, or in the direction of the Rangers; but when the work was over, Flood protested with the leader of the rustlers over some five or six head of dim-branded cattle which actually belonged to our herd. But he was exultant and would listen to no protests, and attempted to drive away the cut, now numbering nearly fifty head. Then we rode across their front and stopped them.

In the parley which ensued, harsh words were passing, when one of our outfit blurted out in well feigned surprise,--

"Hello, who's that, coming over there?"

A squad of men were riding leisurely through our abandoned herd, coming over to where the two outfits were disputing.

"What's the trouble here, gents?" inquired Hames as he rode up.

"Who are you and what might be your business, may I ask?" inquired the leader of the rustlers.

"Personally I'm nobody, but officially I'm Corporal in Company B, Texas Rangers--well, if there isn't smiling Ed Winters, the biggest cattle thief ever born in Medina County. Why, I've got papers for you; for altering the brands on over fifty head of 'C' cattle into a 'G' brand. Come here, dear, and give me that gun of yours. Come on, and no false moves or funny work or I'll shoot the white out of your eye. Surround this layout, lads, and let's examine them more closely."

At this command, every man in our outfit whipped out his six-shooter, the Rangers leveled their carbines on the rustlers, and in less than a minute's time they were disarmed and as crestfallen a group of men as ever walked into a trap of their own setting. Hames got out a "black book," and after looking the crowd over concluded to hold the entire covey, as the descriptions of the "wanted" seemed to include most of them. Some of the rustlers attempted to explain their presence, but Hames decided to hold the entire party, "just to learn them to be more careful of their company the next time," as he put it.

The cut had drifted away into the herd again during the arrest, and about half our outfit took the cattle on to where the wagon camped for noon. McCann had anticipated an extra crowd for dinner and was prepared for the emergency. When dinner was over and the Rangers had packed and were ready to leave, Hames said to Flood,--

"Well, Flood, I'm powerful glad I met you and your outfit. This has been one of the biggest round-ups for me in a long time. You don't know how proud I am over this bunch of beauties. Why, there's liable to be enough rewards out for this crowd to buy my girl a new pair of shoes. And say, when your wagon comes into Abilene, if I ain't there, just drive around to the sheriff's office and leave those captured guns. I'm sorry to load your wagon down that way, but I'm short on pack mules and it will be a great favor to me; besides, these fellows are not liable to need any guns for some little time. I like your company and your chuck, Flood, but you see how it is; the best of friends must part; and then I have an invitation to take dinner in Abilene by to-morrow noon, so I must be a-riding. Adios, everybody."

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**Ice Creams** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Ice Creams, Water Ices, Frozen Puddings Together with Refreshments for all Social Affairs*, by Mrs. S. T. Rorer

**CHOCOLATE**

- 1 pint of cream
- 1 pint of milk
- 1/2 pound of sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 ounces of chocolate
- 1 small piece of stick cinnamon
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Put the milk and cinnamon over the fire in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar until very light, add the well-beaten whites, and stir this into the hot milk. As soon as the mixture begins to thicken, take it from the fire, add the grated chocolate, and, when cold, add the cream and the vanilla. Freeze and pack as directed on page 7.

This is sufficient to serve ten persons.

**MARASCHINO ICE CREAM**

- 1 quart of cream
- 1/2 pound of sugar
- 1 orange
- 2 wineglassfuls of maraschino
- 2 drops of Angostura Bitters, or
- 1/2 teaspoonful of extract of wild cherry

Put the sugar and half the cream in a double boiler, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cold, add the remaining cream, the juice of the orange, the bitters or wild cherry, and the maraschino, and freeze.

Serve in parfait glasses to six persons.

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Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Simple Italian Cookery*, by Antonia Isola

**CHICKEN WITH POLENTA**

Take a small chicken; clean and prepare it. Take a slice of ham fat four fingers wide and one finger long (or one tablespoon of good lard). Chop up very fine with a chopping knife, and put into a

good-sized saucepan. Take one-half an onion, a small carrot, a piece of celery, and cut all into very small pieces and add them all to the fat. Then put in the chicken, the salt, pepper, and a pinch of allspice, and cover the saucepan. Cook until the chicken is covered, basting with the grease, and turning the chicken until it is brown on all sides; then add one-third of a glass of red or white wine. When the wine has become absorbed, add one tablespoon of the tomato paste, dissolved in a cup of hot water (or a cup of tomato sauce not too thick). Cook for a few moments more--until the chicken is thoroughly cooked.

Prepare the Indian meal as in receipt for Indian meal, and serve the chicken surrounded by the Indian meal, with the sauce poured over all and grated cheese sprinkled over the Indian meal.

Pigeon may be prepared in the same way as the chicken and served with the Indian meal; or either one may be served instead of the Indian meal with rice, as in receipt for Risotto alla Nostrale; Macaroni, as in receipt for Macaroni with Butter, or Ribbon Macaroni, as in receipt given.

### **CODFISH "ALLA MARINAIA"**

Take one pound of salt codfish. Boil slightly until you can remove the skin and bones. Chop up fine a piece of onion, and parsley, and fry them in a saucepan with three tablespoons of best olive-oil, then put in the codfish with salt, pepper, and a pinch of allspice. While this is cooking, put into another saucepan three tablespoons of best vinegar, two tablespoons of fish broth, and one-half bay-leaf. Add a little flour to give body to the sauce, stir well, then remove the bay-leaf, and take the saucepan off the fire. Arrange the platter with pieces of fried bread in a layer on the bottom, then the codfish, and then the sauce poured over it.

### **CAULIFLOWER "IN STUFATO"**

Remove the outer leaves and clean a fine cauliflower. Cut it into several pieces and wash them well with cold water, put them into a pot of boiling salted water, and cook quickly for twenty or thirty minutes, until they are quite tender. Take them out without breaking, and place them on pieces of buttered toast, then put some butter in a frying-pan, add a little flour mixed with some stock, stir well until it boils, then add several finely chopped mushrooms, and cook a little more. Take it off the fire, and add the yolks of two eggs which have been well beaten, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and the juice of one lemon. Pour this sauce over and round the cauliflower, and serve. The sauce must not be boiled after adding the eggs.





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by Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences

10. CLASSES OF COOKIES.--Cookies are of two general classes: those which are made thick and are expected to be soft when they are served and those which are made thin and are intended to be crisp and brittle when eaten. Thin, crisp cookies are usually known as \_wafers\_ or \_snaps\_. Soft cookies are made from a dough that contains a little more liquid than that used for brittle cookies. The dough of which both varieties are made should be thick enough to remove from the mixing bowl in a lump and roll out on a board. After being rolled until it is the desired thickness, it is cut into pieces of any desired size and shape and baked in the oven on large flat pans.

[Illustration: Fig. 8]

11. INGREDIENTS IN COOKIES.--The ingredients used in the making of cookies are similar to those used for drop cakes, with the exception of the amount of flour. In fact, any cooky mixture that is made a little more moist by omitting some of the flour may be used for drop cakes. More flour is needed in cooky mixtures because they must be of a certain thickness in order to be rolled out successfully. The amount of flour needed varies with the kind that is used, more of some varieties of this ingredient being required than of others. It is usually advisable to add the last cup of flour with caution. If the mixture seems to be getting stiff before all the flour is added, what is not needed should be omitted; but if it does not become stiff enough to handle, more should be added.

12. Considerable variety exists in the shortening that may be used in cooky mixtures. If desired, butter may be used, but for most cookies it is not at all necessary that the shortening consist entirely of butter, and for some no butter at all is required. Other fats and oils, such as lard, Crisco, lard compound, Mazola, cottoline, butterine, and any other tasteless shortening, may be substituted for all or part of the butter. Any of the following cooky recipes that contain butter do so because that particular cooky or cake is better when made with butter, but, if desired, some other fat may be used for a part or all of it. In case merely shortening is mentioned, any fat or mixture of fats preferred may be used.

13. PROCEDURE IN MAKING COOKIES.--The combining of the ingredients in

cooky mixtures need give the housewife very little concern, for it is accomplished in much the same way as for cup and drop cakes. When all of them have been combined, a dough that is stiff enough to handle and still not so stiff that it is tough should be formed. The chief precaution to be taken in the making of all kinds of cookies is to avoid getting too much flour into the mixture. To produce the best results, the mixture should be so soft that it is difficult to handle. A good plan is to allow it to become very cold, for then it will be much stiffer and may be handled more easily. Therefore, after the dough has been mixed, it is well to set it in a refrigerator or some other cool place and let it stand for several hours before attempting to roll it. In fact, a cooky mixture may be made in the evening and allowed to stand until the next morning before being rolled out and baked. As can readily be understood, such procedure is possible with a stiff mixture like that for cookies, while it would not be practicable with a thin mixture, such as cake batter, because the gas that is formed by the leavening agent would escape from a mixture that is not thick and the cake, after being baked, would have no lightness.

14. With the dough ready to be rolled, divide it into amounts of a size that can be handled conveniently at one time. Take one of these from the mixing bowl and place it on a well-floured board. Work it with the fingers into a flat, round piece, using a little flour on the fingers during this process. Dust the top lightly with flour and, by means of a rolling pin, roll the dough into a flat piece that is as nearly round as possible. Continue rolling with a short, light stroke until the dough is as thin as desired. Remember that light, careful handling is always necessary when any kind of dough mixture is rolled on the board, and that as little handling as possible is advisable. Skill in this respect will come with practice, so the housewife need not be discouraged if she has difficulty at first. For cookies, 1/4 inch is the usual thickness of the dough after it is rolled; but for snaps or wafers the dough should be rolled as thin as possible. If the dough is as moist as it should be, it may be necessary, from time to time, to dust the top with flour as the rolling continues. However, no more flour should be used than is needed to keep the rolling pin from sticking; otherwise, the dough will become too thick and the cookies will be tough and dry.

[Illustration: FIG. 9]

15. When the dough has been rolled until it is of the right thickness, cut it in the manner shown in Fig. 9, using cooky cutters of any desired size and shape. The four cutters shown, which are heart, round, diamond, and star shapes, are the ones that are most commonly used. They are merely strips of tin bent into a particular shape and attached to a handle for convenience in using. In cutting the dough, try to cut it to the best possible advantage, leaving as little space between the cookies as possible. Very often, as, for instance, when diamond-shaped cookies are being cut, the line of one may be the exact line of the one next to

it and thus no dough need be left between the cookies.

16. However, as Fig. 9 shows, a certain amount of dough necessarily remains after all the cookies that can be made out of a piece of rolled dough have been cut. Put these scraps together and set them aside until all the fresh dough has been rolled. Then put them together carefully, roll them out again, and cut the piece thus formed into cookies just as the others were cut. Some persons are in the habit of working these scraps in with the next piece of dough that is rolled out, but this is not good practice, for by the time they are rolled on the board a second time, more flour will be worked into them than into the dough with which they were put and the texture will not be the same.

[Illustration: FIG. 10]

17. BAKING COOKIES.--Have a cooky sheet or other large shallow pan greased and floured, and as soon as all the cookies are cut from a piece of dough, pick them up with the aid of a spatula, as in Fig. 9, and arrange them on the pan. Do not place them too close together, or upon baking they will stick to one another and lose their shape. As soon as a pan is filled, set it in the oven, either directly on the bottom or on a low rack. If the temperature of the oven is correct, the cookies should begin to rise within 2 or 3 minutes after they are put into the oven. After they have baked on the bottom and have risen as much as they will, they will appear as shown in Fig. 10. At this point, set them on a higher rack to brown on top. In this browning, they will shrink to some extent, so that the finished cookies will not have so smooth an appearance as when they are placed on the top rack. When done, they should be slightly brown, and if it is found that they are too brown on top, it may be known that the oven temperature was a little too high or perhaps that they should have had a little less time on this rack. Molasses cookies require special care to prevent them from burning, for, as is explained in Hot Breads, any food containing molasses burns readily. A comparatively short time is necessary for the baking of cookies, but they should be left in the oven long enough to be thoroughly baked when removed. When ready to serve, properly baked cookies should appear as in Fig. 11.

[Illustration: FIG. 11]

18. RECIPES FOR COOKIES.--With the principles of cooky making well understood, the housewife is fully qualified to try any of the recipes that follow. As will be noted, a number of recipes are here given and so a pleasing variety may be had. Some of them are suitable for certain occasions and some for others. For instance, barley-molasses cookies are very good with coffee for breakfast, while filled cookies make an excellent cake for picnic lunches. Cream cookies or vanilla wafers could be served at an afternoon tea, while sand tarts make a very good accompaniment for ice cream or some other dainty dessert. The nature of

the cooky will enable the housewife to determine when it should be served.

### GINGER SNAPS

(Sufficient for 4 Dozen Snaps)

1 c. molasses  
1/3 c. lard or other shortening  
1/4 c. butter  
3-1/4 c. flour  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 Tb. ginger  
1 tsp. salt

Heat the molasses to boiling and pour over the shortening. Sift the dry ingredients together and add these. Cool the mixture until it is stiff and cold, roll as thin as possible, cut with a small round cutter, and bake in a quick oven, being careful not to burn.

### CREAM COOKIES

(Sufficient for 3 Dozen Cookies)

1/3 c. butter  
1 c. sugar  
2 eggs  
1/2 c. thin cream  
1 tsp. vanilla  
4 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. mace  
3 c. flour

Cream the butter, add the sugar, eggs, the cream, and vanilla. Sift the baking powder, salt, mace, and flour together and add these to the mixture. Roll about 1/4 inch thick and cut. Bake in a hot oven.

### VANILLA WAFERS

(Sufficient for 6 Dozen Wafers)

1/3 c. shortening  
1 c. sugar  
1 egg  
1/4 c. milk  
2 tsp. vanilla  
2 c. flour  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and egg, and continue beating. Pour

in the milk and add the vanilla. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt into the mixture. Roll out as thin as possible, cut with a small round cutter, and bake in a hot oven. These wafers should be crisp and thin when finished.

#### BARLEY-MOLASSES COOKIES (Sufficient for 3 Dozen Cookies)

1 c. molasses  
1/2 c. shortening  
1/4 c. milk  
2 c. wheat flour  
1 c. barley flour  
2 tsp. ginger  
1 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. salt

Heat the molasses, pour it over the shortening, and add the milk. Sift the dry ingredients together, and add to the mixture. Cool, roll about 1/4 inch thick, cut, and bake in a quick oven, being careful not to burn.

#### OATMEAL COOKIES (Sufficient for 3-1/2 Dozen Cookies)

1 egg  
1/2 c. sugar  
1/4 c. thin cream  
1/4 c. milk  
1/2 c. oatmeal  
2 c. flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
4 Tb. melted butter

Beat the egg and add the sugar, cream, and milk. Run the oatmeal through a food chopper, and mix with the flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir all into the mixture, add the melted butter, and mix thoroughly. Roll thin, cut, and bake in a quick oven.

#### SAND TARTS (Sufficient for 6 Dozen Tarts)

1/2 c. shortening  
1 c. sugar  
1 egg  
1-3/4 c. flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon

1 egg white  
Blanched almonds

Cream the shortening and add the sugar and the egg. Sift together the flour, baking powder, and cinnamon, and add these to the mixture. Fold in the beaten egg white. Roll as thin as possible and cut. Split blanch almonds, and after putting the cookies on the cooky sheet, place several halves of almonds in any desirable position on the cookies. Bake in a quick oven until light brown.

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## **XI. CLASSICAL CURRENTS**

Project Gutenberg's *Chopin: The Man and His Music*, by James Huneker

Guy de Maupassant put before us a widely diverse number of novels in a famous essay attached to the definitive edition of his masterpiece, "Pierre et Jean," and puzzlingly demanded the real form of the novel. If "Don Quixote" is one, how can "Madame Bovary" be another? If "Les Miserables" is included in the list, what are we to say to Huysmans' "La Bas"?

Just such a question I should like to propound, substituting sonata for novel. If Scarlatti wrote sonatas, what is the Appassionata? If the A flat Weber is one, can the F minor Brahms be called a sonata? Is the Haydn form orthodox and the Schumann heterodox? These be enigmas to make weary the formalists. Come, let us confess, and in the open air: there is a great amount of hypocrisy and cant in this matter. We can, as can any conservatory student, give the recipe for turning out a smug specimen of the form, but when we study the great examples, it is just the subtle eluding of hard and fast rules that distinguishes the efforts of the masters from the machine work of apprentices and academic monsters. Because it is no servile copy of the Mozart Sonata, the F sharp minor of Brahms is a piece of original art. Beethoven at first trod in the well blazed path of Haydn, but study his second period, and it sounds the big Beethoven note. There is no final court of appeal in the matter of musical form, and there is none in the matter of literary style. The history of the sonata is the history of musical evolution. Every great composer, Schubert included, added to the form, filed here, chipped away there, introduced lawlessness where reigned prim order--witness the Schumann F sharp minor Sonata--and then came Chopin.

The Chopin sonata has caused almost as much warfare as the Wagner music drama. It is all the more ludicrous, for Chopin never wrote but one piano sonata that has a classical complexion: in C minor, op. 4, and it was composed as early as 1828. Not published until July, 1851, it

demonstrates without a possibility of doubt that the composer had no sympathy with the form. He tried so hard and failed so dismally that it is a relief when the second and third sonatas are reached, for in them there are only traces of formal beauty and organic unity. But then there is much Chopin, while little of his precious essence is to be tasted in the first sonata.

Chopin wrote of the C minor Sonata: "As a pupil I dedicated it to Elsner," and--oh, the irony of criticism!--it was praised by the critics because not so revolutionary as the Variations, op. 2. This, too, despite the larghetto in five-four time. The first movement is wheezing and all but lifeless. One asks in astonishment what Chopin is doing in this gallery. And it is technically difficult. The menuetto is excellent, its trio being a faint approach to Beethoven in color. The unaccustomed rhythm of the slow movement is irritating. Our young Chopin does not move about as freely as Benjamin Godard in the scherzo of his violin and piano sonata in the same bizarre rhythm. Niecks sees naught but barren waste in the finale. I disagree with him. There is the breath of a stirring spirit, an imitative attempt that is more diverting than the other movements. Above all there is movement, and the close is vigorous, though banal. The sonata is the duller music penned by Chopin, but as a whole it hangs together as a sonata better than its two successors. So much for an attempt at strict devotion to scholastic form.

From this schoolroom we are transported in op. 35 to the theatre of larger life and passion. The B flat minor Sonata was published May, 1840. Two movements are masterpieces; the funeral march that forms the third movement is one of the Pole's most popular compositions, while the finale has no parallel in piano music. Schumann says that Chopin here "bound together four of his maddest children," and he is not astray. He thinks the march does not belong to the work. It certainly was written before its companion movements. As much as Hadow admires the first two movements, he groans at the last pair, though they are admirable when considered separately.

These four movements have no common life. Chopin says he intended the strange finale as a gossiping commentary on the march. "The left hand unisono with the right hand are gossiping after the march." Perhaps the last two movements do hold together, but what have they in common with the first two? Tonality proves nothing. Notwithstanding the grandeur and beauty of the grave, the power and passion of the scherzo, this Sonata in B flat minor is not more a sonata than it is a sequence of ballades and scherzi. And again we are at the de Maupassant crux. The work never could be spared; it is Chopin mounted for action and in the thick of the fight. The doppio movimento is pulse-stirring--a strong, curt and characteristic theme for treatment. Here is power, and in the expanding prologue flashes more than a hint of the tragic. The D flat Melody is soothing, charged with magnetism, and urged to a splendid

fever of climax. The working out section is too short and dissonant, but there is development, perhaps more technical than logical--I mean by this more pianistic than intellectually musical--and we mount with the composer until the B flat version of the second subject is reached, for the first subject, strange to say, does not return. From that on to the firm chords of the close there is no misstep, no faltering or obscurity. Noble pages have been read, and the scherzo is approached with eagerness. Again there is no disappointment. On numerous occasions I have testified my regard for this movement in warm and uncritical terms. It is simply unapproachable, and has no equal for lucidity, brevity and polish among the works of Chopin, except the Scherzo in C sharp minor; but there is less irony, more muscularity, and more native sweetness in this E flat minor Scherzo. I like the way Kullak marks the first B flat octave. It is a pregnant beginning. The second bar I have never heard from any pianist save Rubinstein given with the proper crescendo. No one else seems to get it explosive enough within the walls of one bar. It is a true Rossini crescendo. And in what a wild country we are landed when the F sharp minor is crashed out! Stormy chromatic double notes, chords of the sixth, rush on with incredible fury, and the scherzo ends on the very apex of passion. A Trio in G flat is the song of songs, its swaying rhythms and phrase-echoings investing a melody at once sensuous and chaste. The second part and the return to the scherzo are proofs of the composer's sense of balance and knowledge of the mysteries of anticipation. The closest parallelisms are noticeable, the technique so admirable that the scherzo floats in mid-air--Flaubert's ideal of a miraculous style.

And then follows that deadly Marche Funebre! Ernest Newman, in his remarkable "Study of Wagner," speaks of the fundamental difference between the two orders of imagination, as exemplified by Beethoven and Chopin on the one side, Wagner on the other. This regarding the funeral marches of the three. Newman finds Wagner's the more concrete imagination; the "inward picture" of Beethoven, and Chopin "much vaguer and more diffused." Yet Chopin is seldom so realistic; here are the bell-like basses, the morbid coloring. Schumann found "it contained much that is repulsive," and Liszt raves rhapsodically over it; for Karasowski it was the "pain and grief of an entire nation," while Ehlert thinks "it owes its renown to the wonderful effect of two triads, which in their combination possess a highly tragical element. The middle movement is not at all characteristic. Why could it not at least have worn second mourning? After so much black crepe drapery one should not at least at once display white lingerie!" This is cruel.

The D flat Trio is a logical relief after the booming and glooming of the opening. That it is "a rapturous gaze into the beatific regions of a beyond," as Niecks writes, I am not prepared to say. We do know, however, that the march, when isolated, has a much more profound effect than in its normal sequence. The presto is too wonderful for words. Rubinstein, or was it originally Tausig who named it "Night winds



sweeping over the churchyard graves"? Its agitated, whirring, unharmonized triplets are strangely disquieting, and can never be mistaken for mere etude passage work. The movement is too sombre, its curves too full of half-suppressed meanings, its rush and sub-human growling too expressive of something that defies definition. Schumann compares it to a "sphinx with a mocking smile." To Henri Barbadette "C'est Lazare grattant de ses ongles la pierre de son tombeau," or, like Mendelssohn, one may abhor it, yet it cannot be ignored. It has Asiatic coloring, and to me seems like the wavering outlines of light-tipped hills seen sharply en silhouette, behind which rises and falls a faint, infernal glow. This art paints as many differing pictures as there are imaginations for its sonorous background; not alone the universal solvent, as Henry James thinks, it bridges the vast, silent gulfs between human souls with its humming eloquence. This sonata is not dedicated.

The third Sonata in B minor, op. 58, has more of that undefinable "organic unity," yet, withal, it is not so powerful, so pathos-breeding or so compact of thematic interest as its forerunner. The first page, to the chromatic chords of the sixth, promises much. There is a clear statement, a sound theme for developing purposes, the crisp march of chord progressions, and then--the edifice goes up in smoke. After wreathings and curlings of passage work, and on the rim of despair, we witness the exquisite budding of the melody in D. It is an aubade, a nocturne of the morn--if the contradictory phrase be allowed. There is morning freshness in its hue and scent, and, when it bursts, a parterre of roses. The close of the section is inimitable. All the more sorrow at what follows: wild disorder and the luxuriance called tropical. When B major is compassed we sigh, for it augurs us a return of delight. The ending is not that of a sonata, but a love lyric. For Chopin is not the cool breadth and marmoreal majesty of blank verse. He sonnets to perfection, but the epical air does not fill his nostrils.

Vivacious, charming, light as a harebell in the soft breeze is the Scherzo in E flat. It has a clear ring of the scherzo and harks back to Weber in its impersonal, amiable hurry. The largo is tranquilly beautiful, rich in its reverie, lovely in its tune. The trio is reserved and hypnotic. The last movement, with its brilliancy and force, is a favorite, but it lacks weight, and the entire sonata is, as Niecks writes, "affiliated, but not cognate." It was published June, 1845, and is dedicated to Comtesse E. de Perthuis.

So these sonatas of Chopin are not sonatas at all, but, throwing titles to the dogs, would we forego the sensations that two of them evoke? There is still another, the Sonata in G minor, op. 65, for piano and 'cello. It is dedicated to Chopin's friend, August Franchomme, the violoncellist. Now, while I by no means share Finck's exalted impression of this work, yet I fancy the critics have dealt too harshly with it. Robbed of its title of sonata--though sedulously aping this

form--it contains much pretty music. And it is grateful for the 'cello. There is not an abundant literature for this kingly instrument, in conjunction with the piano, so why flaunt Chopin's contribution? I will admit that he walks stiffly, encased in his borrowed garb, but there is the andante, short as it is, an effective scherzo and a carefully made allegro and finale. Tonal monotony is the worst charge to be brought against this work.

The trio, also in G minor, op. 8, is more alluring. It was published March, 1833, and dedicated to Prince Anton Radziwill. Chopin later, in speaking of it to a pupil, admitted that he saw things he would like to change. He regretted not making it for viola, instead of violin, 'cello and piano.

It was worked over a long time, the first movement being ready in 1833. When it appeared it won philistine praise, for its form more nearly approximates the sonata than any of his efforts in the cyclical order, excepting op. 4. In it the piano receives better treatment than the other instruments; there are many virtuoso passages, but again key changes are not frequent or disparate enough to avoid a monotone. Chopin's imagination refuses to become excited when working in the open spaces of the sonata form. Like creatures that remain drab of hue in unsympathetic or dangerous environment, his music is transformed to a bewildering bouquet of color when he breathes native air. Compare the wildly modulating Chopin of the ballades to the tame-pacing Chopin of the sonatas, trio and concertos! The trio opens with fire, the scherzo is fanciful, and the adagio charming, while the finale is cheerful to loveliness. It might figure occasionally on the programmes of our chamber music concerts, despite its youthful puerility.

There remain the two concertos, which I do not intend discussing fully. Not Chopin at his very best, the E minor and F minor concertos are frequently heard because of the chances afforded the solo player. I have written elsewhere at length of the Klindworth, Tausig and Burmeister versions of the two concertos. As time passes I see no reason for amending my views on this troublous subject. Edgar S. Kelly holds a potent brief for the original orchestration, contending that it suits the character of the piano part. Rosenthal puts this belief into practice by playing the older version of the E minor with the first long tutti curtailed. But he is not consistent, for he uses the Tausig octaves at the close of the rondo. While I admire the Tausig orchestration, these particular octaves are hideously cacaphonic. The original triplet unisons are so much more graceful and musical.

The chronology of the concertos has given rise to controversy. The trouble arose from the F minor Concerto, it being numbered op. 21, although composed before the one in E minor. The former was published April, 1836; the latter September, 1833. The slow movement of the F minor Concerto was composed by Chopin during his passion for Constantia

Gladowska. She was "the ideal" he mentions in his letters, the adagio of this concerto. This larghetto in A flat is a trifle too ornamental for my taste, mellifluous and serene as it is. The recitative is finely outlined. I think I like best the romanze of the E minor Concerto. It is less flowery. The C sharp minor part is imperious in its beauty, while the murmuring mystery of the close mounts to the imagination. The rondo is frolicksome, tricky, genial and genuine piano music. It is true the first movement is too long, too much in one set of keys, and the working-out section too much in the nature of a technical study. The first movement of the F minor far transcends it in breadth, passion and musical feeling, but it is short and there is no coda. Richard Burmeister has supplied the latter deficiency in a capitally made cadenza, which Paderewski plays. It is a complete summing up of the movement. The mazurka-like finale is very graceful and full of pure, sweet melody. This concerto is altogether more human than the E minor.

Both derive from Hummel and Field. The passage work is superior in design to that of the earlier masters, the general character episodic,--but episodes of rare worth and originality. As Ehlert says, "Noblesse oblige--and thus Chopin felt himself compelled to satisfy all demands exacted of a pianist, and wrote the unavoidable piano concerto. It was not consistent with his nature to express himself in broad terms. His lungs were too weak for the pace in seven league boots, so often required in a score. The trio and 'cello sonata were also tasks for whose accomplishment Nature did not design him. He must touch the keys by himself without being called upon to heed the players sitting next him. He is at his best when without formal restraint, he can create out of his inmost soul."

"He must touch the keys by himself!" There you have summed up in a phrase the reason Chopin never succeeded in impressing his individuality upon the sonata form and his playing upon the masses. His was the lonely soul. George Sand knew this when she wrote, "He made an instrument speak the language of the infinite. Often in ten lines that a child might play he has introduced poems of unequalled elevation, dramas unrivalled in force and energy. He did not need the great material methods to find expression for his genius. Neither saxophone nor ophicleide was necessary for him to fill the soul with awe. Without church organ or human voice he inspired faith and enthusiasm."

It might be remarked here that Beethoven, too, aroused a wondering and worshipping world without the aid of saxophone or ophicleide. But it is needless cruelty to pick at Madame Sand's criticisms. She had no technical education, and so little appreciation of Chopin's peculiar genius for the piano that she could write, "The day will come when his music will be arranged for orchestra without change of the piano score;" which is disaster-breeding nonsense. We have sounded Chopin's weakness when writing for any instrument but his own, when writing in any form but his own.

The E minor Concerto is dedicated to Frederick Kalkbrenner, the F minor to the Comtesse Deiphine Potocka. The latter dedication demonstrates that he could forget his only "ideal" in the presence of the charming Potocka! Ah! these vibratile and versatile Poles!

Robert Schumann, it is related, shook his head wearily when his early work was mentioned. "Dreary stuff," said the composer, whose critical sense did not fail him even in so personal a question. What Chopin thought of his youthful music may be discovered in his scanty correspondence. To suppose that the young Chopin sprang into the arena a fully equipped warrior is one of those nonsensical notions which gains currency among persons unfamiliar with the law of musical evolution. Chopin's musical ancestry is easily traced; as Poe had his Holley Chivers, Chopin had his Field. The germs of his second period are all there; from op. 1 to opus 22 virtuosity for virtuosity's sake is very evident. Liszt has said that in every young artist there is the virtuoso fever, and Chopin being a pianist did not escape the fever of the footlights. He was composing, too, at a time when piano music was well nigh strangled by excess of ornament, when acrobats were kings, when the Bach Fugue and Beethoven Sonata lurked neglected and dusty in the memories of the few. Little wonder, then, we find this individual, youthful Pole, not timidly treading in the path of popular composition, but bravely carrying his banner, spangled, glittering and fanciful, and outstripping at their own game all the virtuosi of Europe. His originality in this bejewelled work caused Hummel to admire and Kalkbrenner to wonder. The supple fingers of the young man from Warsaw made quick work of existing technical difficulties. He needs must invent some of his own, and when Schumann saw the pages of op. 2 he uttered his historical cry. Today we wonder somewhat at his enthusiasm. It is the old story--a generation seeks to know, a generation comprehends and enjoys, and a generation discards.

Opus 1, a Rondo in C minor, dedicated to Madame de Linde, saw the light in 1825, but it was preceded by two polonaises, a set of variations, and two mazurkas in G and B flat major. Schumann declared that Chopin's first published work was his tenth, and that between op. 1 and 2 there lay two years and twenty works. Be this as it may, one cannot help liking the C minor Rondo. In the A flat section we detect traces of his F minor Concerto. There is lightness, joy in creation, which contrast with the heavy, dour quality of the C minor Sonata, op. 4. Loosely constructed, in a formal sense, and too exuberant for his strict confines, this op. 1 is remarkable, much more remarkable, than Schumann's Abegg variations.

The Rondo a la Mazur, in F, is a further advance. It is dedicated to Comtesse Moriolles, and was published in 1827 (?). Schumann reviewed it in 1836. It is sprightly, Polish in feeling and rhythmic life, and a glance at any of its pages gives us the familiar Chopin

impression--florid passage work, chords in extensions and chromatic progressions. The Concert Rondo, op. 14, in F, called Krakowiak, is built on a national dance in two-four time, which originated in Cracovia. It is, to quote Niecks, a modified polonaise, danced by the peasants with lusty abandon. Its accentual life is usually manifested on an unaccented part of the bar, especially at the end of a section or phrase. Chopin's very Slavic version is spirited, but the virtuoso predominates. There is lushness in ornamentation, and a bold, merry spirit informs every page. The orchestral accompaniment is thin. Dedicated to the Princesse Czartoryska, it was published June, 1834. The Rondo, op. 16, with an Introduction, is in great favor at the conservatories, and is neat rather than poetical, although the introduction has dramatic touches. It is to this brilliant piece, with its Weber-ish affinities, that Richard Burmeister has supplied an orchestral accompaniment.

The remaining Rondo, posthumously published as op. 73, and composed in 1828, was originally intended, so Chopin writes in 1828, for one piano. It is full of fire, but the ornamentation runs mad, and no traces of the poetical Chopin are present. He is preoccupied with the brilliant surfaces of the life about him. His youthful expansiveness finds a fair field in these variations, rondos and fantasias.

Schumann's enthusiasm over the variations on "La ci darem la mano" seems to us a little overdone. Chopin had not much gift for variation in the sense that we now understand variation. Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms--one must include Mendelssohn's Serious Variations--are masters of a form that is by no means structurally simple or a reversion to mere *spielerei*, as Finck fancies. Chopin plays with his themes prettily, but it is all surface display, all heat lightning. He never smites, as does Brahms with his Thor hammer, the subject full in the middle, cleaving it to its core. Chopin is slightly effeminate in his variations, and they are true specimens of *spielerei*, despite the cleverness of design in the arabesques, their brilliancy and euphony. Op. 2 has its dazzling moments, but its musical worth is inferior. It is written to split the ears of the groundlings, or rather to astonish and confuse them, for the Chopin dynamics in the early music are never very rude. The indisputable superiority to Herz and the rest of the shallow-pated variationists caused Schumann's passionate admiration. It has, however, given us an interesting page of music criticism. Rellstab, grumpy old fellow, was near right when he wrote of these variations that "the composer runs down the theme with roulades, and throttles and hangs it with chains of shakes." The skip makes its appearance in the fourth variation, and there is no gainsaying the brilliancy and piquant spirit of the Alla Polacca. Op. 2 is orchestrally accompanied, an accompaniment that may be gladly dispensed with, and dedicated by Chopin to the friend of his youth, Titus Woyciechowski.

Je Vends des Scapulaires is a tune in Herold and Halevy's "Ludovic." Chopin varied it in his op. 12. This rondo in B flat is the weakest of Chopin's muse. It is Chopin and water, and Gallic eau sucrée at that. The piece is written tastefully, is not difficult, but woefully artificial. Published in 1833, it was dedicated to Miss Emma Horsford. In May, 1851, appeared the Variations in E, without an opus number. They are not worth the trouble. Evidently composed before Chopin's op. 1 and before 1830, they are musically light waisted, although written by one who already knew the keyboard. The last, a valse, is the brightest of the set. The theme is German.

The Fantaisie, op 13, in A, on Polish airs, preceded by an introduction in F sharp minor, is dedicated to the pianist J. P. Pixis. It was published in April, 1834. It is Chopin brilliant. Its orchestral background does not count for much, but the energy, the color and Polish character of the piece endeared it to the composer. He played it often, and as Kleczynski asks, "Are these brilliant passages, these cascades of pearly notes, these bold leaps the sadness and the despair of which we hear? Is it not rather youth exuberant with intensity and life? Is it not happiness, gayety, love for the world and men? The melancholy notes are there to bring out, to enforce the principal ideas. For instance, in the Fantaisie, op. 13, the theme of Kurpinski moves and saddens us; but the composer does not give time for this impression to become durable; he suspends it by means of a long trill, and then suddenly by a few chords and with a brilliant prelude leads us to a popular dance, which makes us mingle with the peasant couples of Mazovia. Does the finale indicate by its minor key the gayety of a man devoid of hope--as the Germans say?" Kleczynski then tells us that a Polish proverb, "A fig for misery," is the keynote of a nation that dances furiously to music in the minor key. "Elevated beauty, not sepulchral gayety," is the character of Polish, of Chopin's music. This is a valuable hint. There are variations in the Fantaisie which end with a merry and vivacious Kujawiak.

The F minor Fantaisie will be considered later. Neither by its magnificent content, construction nor opus number (49) does it fall into this chapter.

The Allegro de Concert in A, op. 46, was published in November, 1841, and dedicated to Mlle. Friederike Muller, a pupil of Chopin. It has all the characteristics of a concerto, and is indeed a truncated one--much more so than Schumann's F minor Sonata, called Concert Sans Orchestre. There are tutti in the Chopin work, the solo part not really beginning until the eighty-seventh bar. But it must not be supposed that these long introductory passages are ineffective for the player. The Allegro is one of Chopin's most difficult works. It abounds in risky skips, ambuscades of dangerous double notes, and the principal themes are bold and expressive. The color note is strikingly adapted for public performance, and perhaps Schumann was correct in believing that Chopin

had originally sketched this for piano and orchestra. Niecks asks if this is not the fragment of a concerto for two pianos, which Chopin, in a letter written at Vienna, December 21, 1830, said he would play in public with his friend Nidecki, if he succeeded in writing it to his satisfaction. And is there any significance in the fact that Chopin, when sending this manuscript to Fontana, probably in the summer of 1841, calls it a concerto?

While it adds little to Chopin's reputation, it has the potentialities of a powerful and more manly composition than either of the two concertos. Jean Louis Nicode has given it an orchestral garb, besides arranging it for two pianos. He has added a developing section of seventy bars. This version was first played in New York a decade ago by Marie Geselschap, a Dutch pianist, under the direction of the late Anton Seidl. The original, it must be acknowledged, is preferable.

The Bolero, op. 19, has a Polonaise flavor. There is but little Spanish in its ingredients. It is merely a memorandum of Chopin's early essays in dance forms. It was published in 1834, four years before Chopin's visit to Spain. Niecks thinks it an early work. That it can be made effective was proven by Emil Sauer. It is for fleet-fingered pianists, and the principal theme has the rhythmical ring of the Polonaise, although the most Iberian in character. It is dedicated to Comtesse E. de Flahault. In the key of A minor, its coda ends in A major. Willeby says it is in C major!

The Tarantella is in A flat, and is numbered op. 43. It was published in 1841 (?), and bears no dedication. Composed at Nohant, it is as little Italian as the Bolero is Spanish. Chopin's visit to Italy was of too short a duration to affect him, at least in the style of dance. It is without the necessary ophidian tang, and far inferior to Heller and Liszt's efforts in the constricted form. One finds little of the frenzy ascribed to it by Schumann in his review. It breathes of the North, not the South, and ranks far below the A flat Impromptu in geniality and grace.

The C minor Funeral March, composed, according to Fontana, in 1829, sounds like Mendelssohn. The trio has the processional quality of a Parisian funeral cortege. It is modest and in no wise remarkable. The three Ecossaises, published as op. 73, No. 3, are little dances, schottisches, nothing more. No. 2 in G is highly popular in girls' boarding schools.

The Grand Duo Concertant for 'cello and piano is jointly composed by Chopin and Franchomme on themes from "Robert le Diable." It begins in E and ends in A major, and is without opus number. Schumann thinks "Chopin sketched the whole of it, and that Franchomme said 'Yes' to everything." It is for the salon of 1833, when it was published. It is empty, tiresome and only slightly superior to compositions of the same

sort by De Beriot and Osborne. Full of rapid elegancies and shallow passage work, this duo is certainly a piece d'occasion--the occasion probably being the need of ready money.

The seventeen Polish songs were composed between 1824 and 1844. In the psychology of the Lied Chopin was not happy. Karasowski writes that many of the songs were lost and some of them are still sung in Poland, their origin being hazy. The Third of May is cited as one of these. Chopin had a habit of playing songs for his friends, but neglected putting some of them on paper. The collected songs are under the opus head 74. The words are by his friends, Stephen Witwicki, Adam Mickiewicz, Bogdan Zaleski and Sigismond Krasinski. The first in the key of A, the familiar Maiden's Wish, has been brilliantly paraphrased by Liszt. This pretty mazurka is charmingly sung and played by Marcella Sembrich in the singing lesson of "The Barber of Seville." There are several mazurkas in the list. Most of these songs are mediocre. Poland's Dirge is an exception, and so is Horsemen Before the Battle. "Was ein junges Madchen liebt" has a short introduction, in which the reminiscence hunter may find a true bit of "Meistersinger" color. Simple in structure and sentiment, the Chopin lieder seem almost rudimentary compared to essays in this form by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms and Tschaiakowsky.

A word of recommendation may not be amiss here regarding the technical study of Chopin. Kleczynski, in his two books, gives many valuable hints, and Isidor Philipp has published a set of Exercises Quotidiens, made up of specimens in double notes, octaves and passages taken from the works. Here skeletonized are the special technical problems. In these Daily Studies, and his edition of the Etudes, are numerous examples dealt with practically. For a study of Chopin's ornaments, Mertke has discussed at length the various editorial procedure in the matter of attacking the trill in single and double notes, also the easiest method of executing the flying scud and vapors of the fioriture. This may be found in No. 179 of the Edition Steingraber. Philipp's collection is published in Paris by J. Hamelle, and is prefixed by some interesting remarks of Georges Mathias. Chopin's portrait in 1833, after Vigneron, is included.

One composition more is to be considered. In 1837 Chopin contributed the sixth variation of the march from "I Puritani." These variations were published under the title: "Hexameron: Morceau de Concert. Grandes Variations de bravoure sur la marche des Puritans de Bellini, composees pour le concert de Madame la Princesse Belgiojoso au benefice des pauvres, par MM. Liszt, Thalberg, Pixis, H. Herz, Czerny et Chopin." Liszt wrote an orchestral accompaniment, never published. His pupil, Moriz Rosenthal, is the only modern virtuoso who plays the Hexameron in his concerts, and play it he does with overwhelming splendor. Chopin's contribution in E major is in his sentimental, salon mood. Musically, it is the most impressive of this extraordinary mastodonic survival of



the "pianistic" past.

The newly published Fugue--or fugato--in A minor, in two voices, is from a manuscript in the possession of Natalie Janotha, who probably got it from the late Princess Czartoryska, a pupil of the composer. The composition is ineffective, and in spots ugly--particularly in the stretta--and is no doubt an exercise during the working years with Elsner. The fact that in the coda the very suspicious octave pedal-point and trills may be omitted--so the editorial note urns--leads one to suspect that out of a fragment Janotha has evolved, Cuvier-like, an entire composition. Chopin as fugue-maker does not appear in a brilliant light. Is the Polish composer to become a musical Hugh Conway? Why all these disjecta membra of a sketch-book?

In these youthful works may be found the beginnings of the greater Chopin, but not his vast subjugation of the purely technical to the poetic and spiritual. That came later. To the devout Chopinist the first compositions are so many proofs of the joyful, victorious spirit of the man whose spleen and pessimism have been wrongfully compared to Leopardi's and Baudelaire's. Chopin was gay, fairly healthy and bubbling over with a pretty malice. His first period shows this; it also shows how thorough and painful the processes by which he evolved his final style.

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## **CLAIR DE LUNE**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Maupassant Original Short Stories (180), Complete*, by Guy de Maupassant

Abbe Marignan's martial name suited him well. He was a tall, thin priest, fanatic, excitable, yet upright. All his beliefs were fixed, never varying. He believed sincerely that he knew his God, understood His plans, desires and intentions.

When he walked with long strides along the garden walk of his little country parsonage, he would sometimes ask himself the question: "Why has God done this?" And he would dwell on this continually, putting himself in the place of God, and he almost invariably found an answer. He would never have cried out in an outburst of pious humility: "Thy ways, O Lord, are past finding out."

He said to himself: "I am the servant of God; it is right for me to know the reason of His deeds, or to guess it if I do not know it."

Everything in nature seemed to him to have been created in accordance with an admirable and absolute logic. The "whys" and "because" always

balanced. Dawn was given to make our awakening pleasant, the days to ripen the harvest, the rains to moisten it, the evenings for preparation for slumber, and the dark nights for sleep.

The four seasons corresponded perfectly to the needs of agriculture, and no suspicion had ever come to the priest of the fact that nature has no intentions; that, on the contrary, everything which exists must conform to the hard demands of seasons, climates and matter.

But he hated woman--hated her unconsciously, and despised her by instinct. He often repeated the words of Christ: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and he would add: "It seems as though God, Himself, were dissatisfied with this work of His." She was the tempter who led the first man astray, and who since then had ever been busy with her work of damnation, the feeble creature, dangerous and mysteriously affecting one. And even more than their sinful bodies, he hated their loving hearts.

He had often felt their tenderness directed toward himself, and though he knew that he was invulnerable, he grew angry at this need of love that is always vibrating in them.

According to his belief, God had created woman for the sole purpose of tempting and testing man. One must not approach her without defensive precautions and fear of possible snares. She was, indeed, just like a snare, with her lips open and her arms stretched out to man.

He had no indulgence except for nuns, whom their vows had rendered inoffensive; but he was stern with them, nevertheless, because he felt that at the bottom of their fettered and humble hearts the everlasting tenderness was burning brightly--that tenderness which was shown even to him, a priest.

He felt this cursed tenderness, even in their docility, in the low tones of their voices when speaking to him, in their lowered eyes, and in their resigned tears when he reproved them roughly. And he would shake his cassock on leaving the convent doors, and walk off, lengthening his stride as though flying from danger.

He had a niece who lived with her mother in a little house near him. He was bent upon making a sister of charity of her.

She was a pretty, brainless madcap. When the abbe preached she laughed, and when he was angry with her she would give him a hug, drawing him to her heart, while he sought unconsciously to release himself from this embrace which nevertheless filled him with a sweet pleasure, awakening in his depths the sensation of paternity which slumbers in every man.

Often, when walking by her side, along the country road, he would speak to her of God, of his God. She never listened to him, but looked about

her at the sky, the grass and flowers, and one could see the joy of life sparkling in her eyes. Sometimes she would dart forward to catch some flying creature, crying out as she brought it back: "Look, uncle, how pretty it is! I want to hug it!" And this desire to "hug" flies or lilac blossoms disquieted, angered, and roused the priest, who saw, even in this, the ineradicable tenderness that is always budding in women's hearts.

Then there came a day when the sexton's wife, who kept house for Abbe Marignan, told him, with caution, that his niece had a lover.

Almost suffocated by the fearful emotion this news roused in him, he stood there, his face covered with soap, for he was in the act of shaving.

When he had sufficiently recovered to think and speak he cried: "It is not true; you lie, Melanie!"

But the peasant woman put her hand on her heart, saying: "May our Lord judge me if I lie, Monsieur le Cure! I tell you, she goes there every night when your sister has gone to bed. They meet by the river side; you have only to go there and see, between ten o'clock and midnight."

He ceased scraping his chin, and began to walk up and down impetuously, as he always did when he was in deep thought. When he began shaving again he cut himself three times from his nose to his ear.

All day long he was silent, full of anger and indignation. To his priestly hatred of this invincible love was added the exasperation of her spiritual father, of her guardian and pastor, deceived and tricked by a child, and the selfish emotion shown by parents when their daughter announces that she has chosen a husband without them, and in spite of them.

After dinner he tried to read a little, but could not, growing more and more angry. When ten o'clock struck he seized his cane, a formidable oak stick, which he was accustomed to carry in his nocturnal walks when visiting the sick. And he smiled at the enormous club which he twirled in a threatening manner in his strong, country fist. Then he raised it suddenly and, gritting his teeth, brought it down on a chair, the broken back of which fell over on the floor.

He opened the door to go out, but stopped on the sill, surprised by the splendid moonlight, of such brilliance as is seldom seen.

And, as he was gifted with an emotional nature, one such as had all those poetic dreamers, the Fathers of the Church, he felt suddenly distracted and moved by all the grand and serene beauty of this pale night.

In his little garden, all bathed in soft light, his fruit trees in a row cast on the ground the shadow of their slender branches, scarcely in full leaf, while the giant honeysuckle, clinging to the wall of his house, exhaled a delicious sweetness, filling the warm moonlit atmosphere with a kind of perfumed soul.

He began to take long breaths, drinking in the air as drunkards drink wine, and he walked along slowly, delighted, marveling, almost forgetting his niece.

As soon as he was outside of the garden, he stopped to gaze upon the plain all flooded with the caressing light, bathed in that tender, languishing charm of serene nights. At each moment was heard the short, metallic note of the cricket, and distant nightingales shook out their scattered notes--their light, vibrant music that sets one dreaming, without thinking, a music made for kisses, for the seduction of moonlight.

The abbe walked on again, his heart failing, though he knew not why. He seemed weakened, suddenly exhausted; he wanted to sit down, to rest there, to think, to admire God in His works.

Down yonder, following the undulations of the little river, a great line of poplars wound in and out. A fine mist, a white haze through which the moonbeams passed, silvering it and making it gleam, hung around and above the mountains, covering all the tortuous course of the water with a kind of light and transparent cotton.

The priest stopped once again, his soul filled with a growing and irresistible tenderness.

And a doubt, a vague feeling of disquiet came over him; he was asking one of those questions that he sometimes put to himself.

"Why did God make this? Since the night is destined for sleep, unconsciousness, repose, forgetfulness of everything, why make it more charming than day, softer than dawn or evening? And does why this seductive planet, more poetic than the sun, that seems destined, so discreet is it, to illuminate things too delicate and mysterious for the light of day, make the darkness so transparent?

"Why does not the greatest of feathered songsters sleep like the others? Why does it pour forth its voice in the mysterious night?

"Why this half-veil cast over the world? Why these tremblings of the heart, this emotion of the spirit, this enervation of the body? Why this display of enchantments that human beings do not see, since they are lying in their beds? For whom is destined this sublime spectacle, this abundance of poetry cast from heaven to earth?"

And the abbe could not understand.

But see, out there, on the edge of the meadow, under the arch of trees  
bathed in a shining mist, two figures are walking side by side.

The man was the taller, and held his arm about his sweetheart's neck and  
kissed her brow every little while. They imparted life, all at once, to  
the placid landscape in which they were framed as by a heavenly hand. The  
two seemed but a single being, the being for whom was destined this calm  
and silent night, and they came toward the priest as a living answer, the  
response his Master sent to his questionings.

He stood still, his heart beating, all upset; and it seemed to him that  
he saw before him some biblical scene, like the loves of Ruth and Boaz,  
the accomplishment of the will of the Lord, in some of those glorious  
stories of which the sacred books tell. The verses of the Song of Songs  
began to ring in his ears, the appeal of passion, all the poetry of this  
poem replete with tenderness.

And he said unto himself: "Perhaps God has made such nights as these to  
idealize the love of men."

He shrank back from this couple that still advanced with arms  
intertwined. Yet it was his niece. But he asked himself now if he would  
not be disobeying God. And does not God permit love, since He surrounds  
it with such visible splendor?

And he went back musing, almost ashamed, as if he had intruded into a  
temple where he had, no right to enter.

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## Both Cheeks

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

From *Edgewater People* (Harper and Brothers;  
New York: 1918)

"I think you ought to present that demand note of  
Uncle Abel's for collection," said James Lord.

His old uncle Zenas sighed heavily.

"I think we have talked that matter over enough,

don't you?" he returned.

The square old room in the low light of the  
gathering night was lovely, lovelier than in broad  
daylight, when its shabbiness, which  
was almost sordid, offended. Now soft shadows  
lay over it, and there were little pools of dim  
radiance here and there from  
polished surfaces of old furniture; an engraving  
over the mantel gleamed out like a sheet of silver,  
and right across the floor lay a  
mysterious beam of reflection beyond tracing.  
James saw that every night before the lamp was  
lit, and had never been able to

trace its source. The glass over the engraving showing silver was simple enough. The street light caused that. The beam across the floor defied him. He gazed at it now as he talked with his uncle. Zenas was his paternal uncle. The Able to who he referred was on his mother's side of the family, Abel Carson. He was a rich old man and Zenas held his demand note, but would not make any effort to collect it.

"No, Uncle Zenas, I don't think we have talked enough until we have talked to some purpose," said James Lord. "If you had that money I could enlist."

"Do you think that is a reason for me to collect?"

Suddenly the boy rose and was across the room. His wiry young figure stood over the old man in the chair.

"Yes, I do," he said, vehemently. "I do, and you ought to think so. You are an old man, Uncle Zenas, but I am ashamed for you. God knows, in time of peace I would be willing to stay here in Leicester and work in the Sylvesters' antique-store till I died, to support you; but this is different. If you had the money which that note represents you would have plenty if the war continued four years, and I could save a little out of my pay for you; but now here I am tied hand and foot. I see all the others going, and I am pinned down here because I am your sole support when you could get enough money to-morrow to set me free."

"You know how I feel about this war," said the old man, and there was a terrible inflexibility in his voice.

"Know how you feel! I should think so! I know to my shame and disgrace, and all the town knows. But I would go, for all that, Uncle Zenas, and I would feel right about going if you had enough money to live on."

"You really mean that you would go to war when

you know how I feel about the wickedness of war and how I am convinced that love and peace would take its place?"

"I love peace enough to fight for it," the young voice rang out. "I don't love it enough to stay in a safe place and talk about it while the other fellows are getting hit. Uncle Zenas, for God's sake, why won't you collect that note? Uncle Abel has plenty of money. He is just laughing in his sleeve because you don't."

"I have never had any quarrel with your uncle Able," said the old voice, inexorably.

"And you won't try to collect because Uncle Abel has such a devilish temper and hates to pay out money like poison."

"I cannot have a quarrel, James."

"Uncle Zenas —"

The old man said nothing.

"Look here, Uncle Zenas, could you get on with what I could save from my pay if I did enlist? Have you got anything besides that note?"

The old man was silent.

"Is this house mortgaged?"

There was no reply.

"You could mortgage the house and set me free," said the young voice, with a burst of courage.

"Mortgage the house where your grandfather was born!"

"Well, I suppose that would come sort of hard for you, but I would pay it as soon as I could after the war."

"Young men often never return from war, and often when they do return it is to be burdens

rather than agents to remove them.  
You can't guarantee anything when you go to war  
— you know that, James Lord."

"Uncle Zenas, haven't you anything besides?"

Then the old man spoke with cold fury:

"If I had a million in bank-notes here this minute I would put it in the fire and make you stay at home and support me. You shall not go to war, James Lord!"

"Uncle Zenas, if you were young and able-bodied, do you mean to say you would not go?"

"I would not! I would settle the whole peaceably."

"No man can settle matters peaceably when there is no peace."

The boy's voice rang high, then he hushed suddenly. He struck a match and lit the lamp on the table and made for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Zenas.

"Over to the Sylvesters'. I see Thomas Dodd coming in here, and I don't want to stay and hear the old argument, when I am on Dodd's side and can't say so because you are my uncle. I don't like Dodd, either."

James went out of the room, and at the same time the knocker clanged and a dog barked. The dog barked with a volley of shrill yelps.

Zenas rose and went to the front door. A large stout man stood there and a fox-terrier was snapping at his heels. The large man kicked out at the dog, but did not hit him, and entered.

"Why in the name of common sense don't you tell Sam Buzzy to keep that nasty little cur of his at home?" he demanded. "He always hangs round your door, don't he?"

"I think he does a good deal," admitted Zenas.

"Why don't you tell Buzzy to tie him up?"

"I like to live on good terms with my neighbors."

"Oh, my Lord!" snarled the stout man. "And so you let your friends take chances of being bitten by mad dogs rather than have a row with a neighbor!" The man seated himself and the chair creaked. "This old relic won't let me down with a broken bone, will it?" he growled.

"I think it is fairly strong."

"It isn't as if you had steam heat. Steam heat is the very dickens for old furniture. You ought to have it, though. Only thing for a house as big as this. Hot-air furnace don't begin to heat it."

"It does, except when the wind is in certain directions."

"Strange the wind ain't as accommodating as you peace folks. Sort of queer nature seems to go on such strikes."

Zenas flushed. He was a handsome, small old man, with delicate but strong features and a small, closely set mouth.

"When are you going to start your peace delegation?" said the other. His voice hissed with aggravation.

Zenas said nothing.

"Ain't you going to send a peace delegation to Europe pretty soon?" demanded Thomas Dodd.

Zenas spoke sharply.

"Would to God I could do that very thing and stop this frightful slaughter!" said he.

"H'm! Suppose you think a peace delegation, with the women wearing stuffed doves on their hats,

and the men with olive sprigs  
in their buttonholes, and the whole lot preaching  
and praying, could do more than the armies of the  
Allies and the United States,  
now we are in it. H'm!"

"I certainly do," said Zenas, firmly.

The argument was on.

Thomas rose and towered over Zenas  
ponderously. He shook the index finger of his  
right hand in his face:

"You believe that right against Scripture?"

Zenas looked at Thomas and his small face  
seemed as hard as flint.

"I think that is Scripture."

"What do you make of this saying from the  
Gospel, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword'?  
What do you think of that, eh?"

Zenas spoke with tense firmness:

"If any man strike you on one cheek I say unto  
you turn the other also."

Thomas Dodd openly sneered. "If I were you I  
would quote Scripture correctly," said he. Then he  
fairly shouted, "'But whosoever  
shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the  
other also.'"

"The meaning is the same," returned Zenas,  
firmly.

"You know what is said if anybody changes just  
one word in the Bible, I suppose," sneered  
Thomas Dodd.

Zenas did not answer. He was a gentleman, and  
Dodd lacked some of the traits of one. That gave  
Zenas a certain dignity.

Thomas dimly recognized the fact. His great face  
blazed red. He shook his finger in the other man's

face.

"You traitor, you!" he shouted. "That's what you  
are, a damn traitor!"

"If believing in saving the sons of my country  
from quarrel and bloodshed is treachery, then I  
am a traitor," replied Zenas.

He gazed straight at the index finger, which  
nearly touched his delicate nose. Zenas looked  
more high-bred than usual in contrast  
with Thomas Dodd. His face did not flush. It was  
slightly paler and his features stood out more  
distinctly.

"Damn traitor!" said Thomas Dodd.

Zenas said nothing.

"You really mean you would be content to let  
those crowing fools — for they are fools, and  
history is going to show it — sink our  
ships, and murder Americans, and make plots  
against our government, and try to get us into war  
with other nations, and into civil  
war, and blow up our factories and our bridges —  
and not fight?"

"I believe in peace."

"Hang peace! Why, there isn't any peace! How in  
Sam Hill can you want to keep what isn't in  
existence? There hasn't been any  
peace in this happy-go-lucky country, bless it,  
since those dog-goned Germans goose-stepped  
over the Belgian frontier! Peace!  
Huh!"

"I do not defend the invasion of Belgium," stated  
Zenas, mildly. "I admit I feel that the principle is  
wrong and —"

"Who cares a cat's hind leg about principle, now  
the United States has finally reared and is shaking  
all her flags out, and getting  
her men and her guns and her ships into the ring?"  
shouted Thomas Dodd. He fairly danced up and  
down. "Don't I know that



principle is behind the whole devilish mess? But now we have taken our stand on principle for granted, and are saying, 'Look here, Bill Hohenzollern, you have hit us; now we hit you.' Lord-a-mighty, it was all well enough to talk principle and high-mindedness when we begun, but now it is hit back, and sit on the whole crew like our fathers sat on the Indians. I tell you now, Zenas Lord, it is hit! Do ye hear me? Hit! Hit!"

"I believe in peace," said Zenas.

"Do you actually sit there and say, you whose folks did some tall fighting in the little baby wars we used to have, that you would stand for that usage any longer, and let them go on hitting us and turn the other cheek?"

"I believe in following the lead of Scripture," said Zenas.

"Well, here goes!" shouted Thomas Dodd. "I'll give you one chance to practise what you preach!" With that Thomas Dodd gave the man in the chair a mighty slap on his right cheek. Directly over its delicate pallor red finger-marks blazed out. Zenas said nothing. Slowly and with dignity he turned the other cheek. Thomas Dodd nearly knocked him out of his chair with a blow on the left jaw.

Then there was a crash. Zenas Lord's chair fell over backward and he was fighting Thomas Dodd. Zenas landed a terrible blow on the right cheek of Thomas, then on the left, with little fists that seemed as hard as steel. Zenas was a small man, but small men sometimes make mighty fighters. Zenas had always known he could fight. He would not, perhaps, have been a pacifist if he had not known that. Deep in his mind had lurked the knowledge of restrained power. For an old man he was amazing. He fairly seemed a blur of motion, so fast he rained blow after blow upon the other man.

Thomas Dodd was no coward. He had been taken by surprise. It was as if a dove had attacked him like a tiger; but he soon began to defend himself. Nothing except defense, and that only to a limited extent, was possible. As well attack a buzz-saw as that fierce old man who had turned from his precepts of peace.

Zenas simply could not be hit. When the blow landed he was not there, and immediately Thomas received one. The two were all over the room. The table and the lamp and a vase of flowers went over, and water and oil trickled over the carpet.

The fighters collided against the silver-gleaming picture over the low mantel, and that crashed down. Zenas pushed Thomas against a gilt-framed mirror, and it cracked, and stars and fissures appeared with noises of explosions.

Always Thomas was on the defense, trying to dodge those blows off the steely little fists of the peaceful man, and never got in one blow himself. Thomas's nose was bleeding, his mouth was puffing, his eyes were closing. He was panting terribly. He was game withal. Never once did he whimper, but he was being worsted.

At last both men crashed down on the floor, and Zenas was sitting on Thomas and pounding the floor with Thomas's great head. Zenas was now beyond himself. The blood which had been held so long in check by laws of peace was over the dam, in flood tide. He was dangerous and terrible.

Zenas pounded the floor with the head of Thomas, and Thomas was gasping when the two old Sylvester brothers, who lived next door, came rushing in. With them was their niece Adeline and her husband, Marion Leicester.

For a moment not one trusted vision. The whole was monstrous and incredible. That little old Zenas Lord, who had antagonized

everybody in Leicester and the Barrs by his peaceful attitude when the world was at fighting-point, was himself fighting and, it seemed, ready to murder another man, was unbelievable.

Marion Leicester, who wore the khaki and was home on furlough, stared. They all stared. Then Marion made a spring.

“You’ll kill him if you don’t stop that!” he called, and grasped Zenas’s shoulders. They felt like shoulders of steel. Marion was strong, but he could not move those dreadful shoulders of rage. “Let up, for God’s sake, man! You don’t want to kill him!” he shouted.

Old Zenas twisted round a terrible face of white wrath. “That is just what I want to do,” said he. “I want to kill him!”

Zenas made as if to give the floor another pound with the head of Thomas, but Adeline Leicester was before him. Thomas’s head came down upon a very large feather cushion which Adeline had snatched from the sofa.

“Take away that damned thing!” screamed Zenas.

He snatched it away himself, and again raised the head. The two Sylvesters and Marion Leicester tugged at Zenas, but all three were not sufficient to prevent another thud.

“He’ll kill him!” cried Adeline. She was sobbing and poisoning the sofa cushion when James Lord came in at a run.

“What in time —” he began.

“James! James!” gasped Adeline. “Your uncle has gone crazy! He’s killing Mr. Dodd!”

Zenas unexpectedly spoke in a collected voice.

“I am not killing Thomas Dodd. I am killing war,” said he.

“For Heaven’s sake, give us a hand, Jim,” gasped Marion Leicester, “or I believe in my soul your uncle will kill him! He’s like a man made of steel.”

As he spoke he again endeavored to get a hold on the old man’s shoulders, but such awful tenacity of nerve and will was beyond his strength to overcome.

James was as small as his uncle and of about the same build, and he was young. Finally the four men forced Zenas into a chair, and Marion and James held him while the Sylvesters and Adeline attended to Thomas Dodd.

Presently Thomas Dodd was lying on the sofa, the blood washed from his face, a bandage soaked with liniment on his left jaw and another wet with ice-water on his eye. He was still game. As soon as he could speak he turned his right eye in the direction of old Zenas, held in his chair like a restrained charge of dynamite.

“What in tunket possessed you?” he demanded.

Zenas glared at him.

“You’re licked!” he proclaimed, in a high voice of triumph.

James stared at him. He really thought his uncle had gone stark mad.

“What made you fly in the face of Scripture?” snarled the old man on the sofa.

“Scripture doesn’t say what’s to be done when the second cheek is hit,” declared Zenas.

“Hum!” demanded the old man on the sofa. “Do you mean to say the second cheek of your own country wasn’t hit when Germany tried her devilish plots and blew up our factories and more ships, after the Lusitania?”

Zenas was silent.

“And wasn't more than both cheeks of every decent country on the face of the earth hit after Belgium, anyhow?” demanded Thomas Dodd. “Wasn't all humanity hit? Wasn't — God Almighty himself hit?”

After another silence Zenas spoke in a queer, shocked voice.

“Maybe you are right,” he said.

“Of course I'm right! But you had to have both your own cheeks hammered, and behave like Germany yourself, making out you were the injured one and pitching into your friend, before you could get it into your hard head. Yes, sir, the United States of America had both cheeks hit, and her heart hit, and the God in whom she believes hit, before she sailed in. Now she's going to hit, and I guess Germany will be on the sofa before long about as beat out as I am. Well, it was worth it. If you hadn't owned up you could have used my head for a tack-hammer till you were convinced I did a good thing when I boxed you. When a man's hit himself it sort of drives things home.”

“You are right,” said Zenas. He was very pale, and his face wore a strange expression.

He looked shocked and exalted. He also had been vanquished, although he bore not a mark on his wiry old body. Thomas Dodd had been subtly victorious. Zenas realized a soreness of his very soul, harder to be borne than all the bruises which he had inflicted on the other's body.

“It isn't Germany's body alone, but her soul we are fighting,” he groaned, as if to himself.

“We are going to win,” said Marion.

“Win fast enough,” said Zenas, “but it's got to be a terrible victory. Germany on the sofa, body and soul!”

Suddenly he turned very pale and James caught him. The old pacifist had exhausted himself. He was helped into his bedroom and Adeline brought him a glass of port wine. He looked up at her after he had swallowed it.

“Sam Buzzy has got to keep his dog at home,” said he.

“Lie still now and don't worry,” said Adeline, soothingly.

“I am going to collect that demand note,” said Zenas.

Adeline did not know what he meant.

“That's all right, so you shall. Don't worry,” said she.

“How is Thomas going to get home?”

“Marion will drive him in the car.”

“I didn't hurt him much?”

“No. Don't you worry.”

After the Sylvesters had gone, and Marion had driven off, with Thomas Dodd propped up in the tonneau of the car, James Lord sat by himself in the outer room. He thought it wiser to leave his uncle alone. The bedroom door was ajar and he could hear if he stirred.

James sat with a bewildered face until he heard the Leicester car return; then he jumped up and opened the door for Marion. Both men tiptoed back into the room.

“I think he's asleep,” whispered James.

The two stood looking at each other.

“What possessed him?” whispered Marion.

“Hanged if I know. Say, Marion, it's hard luck. I want to enlist. I don't want to hang around here

when it's a war like this war. I'm disgraced for life if I don't enlist."

"I suppose you have to —"

"Support him, yes. But if he would collect a demand note that's due him he would have enough to set me free."

Marion gave a low whistle.

"A demand note?"

"Yes, my uncle Abel's."

"He ought to pay."

"Of course he ought. He would pay, too, but of course he'd get mad. Uncle Abel never paid for anything without raising Cain, and Uncle Zenas is all for peace."

Marion tapped his head significantly.

"I don't know," said James. "Sometimes I wonder myself."

"You needn't wonder," said a voice. "I'm just as right in my head as you are." He was still very pale, old Zenas, standing there in the bedroom door, but he spoke firmly. "I've made up my mind to fight a little for my own rights," said Zenas. "My fight with Thomas turned me clean round. I'm for every man that's able fighting for the country, and fighting for his own rights if he's able. Sam Buzzy has got to keep that dog of his home, and I'm going to collect that note, and — Look

here, James Lord, I've got money besides that. You go and enlist, and there will be plenty for you to buy yourself a good kit, everything you want, and you can stay in the army, for all me, as long as you live. Maybe you'll get promoted. I've had money enough all along, only I wouldn't tell because I didn't approve of war. Better hurry and enlist before the war's over."

James looked at him, frightened.

Old Zenas laughed.

"You needn't think I'm crazy," said he. "You enlist, and you fight for all you are worth, if you think anything of me."

"I don't know how to thank you, uncle," said James, in a bewildered fashion.

Zenas looked at the man in khaki, then at his nephew. A strange light was in his eyes. His peaceful acquiescence with the buffets of the century of wrath and terror was gone forever. He was now of his day, the dreadful Day for all the world. He understood. He could not fight the common foe as he had fought Thomas Dodd; he was too old. The din of battle and trench life was not for him, but in him blazed like a torch the war spirit.

"How can I ever thank you, uncle?" James said, again.

"The head of Germania on a charger," said old Zenas Lord.

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## AN INHABITANT OF CARCOSA

The Project Gutenberg Etext of Can Such Things Be?  
by Ambrose Bierce

For there be divers sorts of death--some wherein the body remaineth; and in some it vanisheth quite away with the spirit. This commonly occurreth only in solitude (such is God's will) and, none seeing the end, we say the man is lost, or gone on a long journey--which indeed he hath; but sometimes it hath happened in sight of many, as abundant testimony showeth. In one kind of death the spirit also dieth, and this it hath been known to do while yet the body was in vigor for many years. Sometimes, as is veritably attested, it dieth with the body, but after a season is raised up again in that place where the body did decay.

Pondering these words of Hali (whom God rest) and questioning their full meaning, as one who, having an intimation, yet doubts if there be not something behind, other than that which he has discerned, I noted not whither I had strayed until a sudden chill wind striking my face revived in me a sense of my surroundings. I observed with astonishment that everything seemed unfamiliar. On every side of me stretched a bleak and desolate expanse of plain, covered with a tall overgrowth of sere grass, which rustled and whistled in the autumn wind with heaven knows what mysterious and disquieting suggestion. Protruded at long intervals above it, stood strangely shaped and somber-colored rocks, which seemed to have an understanding with one another and to exchange looks of uncomfortable significance, as if they had reared their heads to watch the issue of some foreseen event. A few blasted trees here and there appeared as leaders in this malevolent conspiracy of silent expectation.

The day, I thought, must be far advanced, though the sun was invisible; and although sensible that the air was raw and chill my consciousness of that fact was rather mental than physical--I had no feeling of discomfort. Over all the dismal landscape a canopy of low, lead-colored clouds hung like a visible curse. In all this there were a menace and a portent--a hint of evil, an intimation of doom. Bird, beast, or insect there was none. The wind sighed in the bare branches of the dead trees and the gray grass bent to whisper its dread secret to the earth; but no other sound nor motion broke the awful repose of that dismal place.

I observed in the herbage a number of weather-worn stones, evidently shaped with tools. They were broken, covered with moss and half sunken in the earth. Some lay prostrate, some leaned at various angles, none was vertical. They were obviously headstones of graves, though the graves themselves no longer existed as either mounds or

depressions; the years had leveled all. Scattered here and there, more massive blocks showed where some pompous tomb or ambitious monument had once flung its feeble defiance at oblivion. So old seemed these relics, these vestiges of vanity and memorials of affection and piety, so battered and worn and stained--so neglected, deserted, forgotten the place, that I could not help thinking myself the discoverer of the burial-ground of a prehistoric race of men whose very name was long extinct.

Filled with these reflections, I was for some time heedless of the sequence of my own experiences, but soon I thought, "How came I hither?" A moment's reflection seemed to make this all clear and explain at the same time, though in a disquieting way, the singular character with which my fancy had invested all that I saw or heard. I was ill. I remembered now that I had been prostrated by a sudden fever, and that my family had told me that in my periods of delirium I had constantly cried out for liberty and air, and had been held in bed to prevent my escape out-of-doors. Now I had eluded the vigilance of my attendants and had wandered hither to--to where? I could not conjecture. Clearly I was at a considerable distance from the city where I dwelt--the ancient and famous city of Carcosa.

No signs of human life were anywhere visible nor audible; no rising smoke, no watch-dog's bark, no lowing of cattle, no shouts of children at play--nothing but that dismal burial-place, with its air of mystery and dread, due to my own disordered brain. Was I not becoming again delirious, there beyond human aid? Was it not indeed ALL an illusion of my madness? I called aloud the names of my wives and sons, reached out my hands in search of theirs, even as I walked among the crumbling stones and in the withered grass.

A noise behind me caused me to turn about. A wild animal--a lynx--was approaching. The thought came to me: If I break down here in the desert--if the fever return and I fail, this beast will be at my throat. I sprang toward it, shouting. It trotted tranquilly by within a hand's breadth of me and disappeared behind a rock.

A moment later a man's head appeared to rise out of the ground a short distance away. He was ascending the farther slope of a low hill whose crest was hardly to be distinguished from the general level. His whole figure soon came into view against the background of gray cloud. He was half naked, half clad in skins. His hair was unkempt, his beard long and ragged. In one hand he carried a bow and arrow; the other held a blazing torch with a long trail of black smoke. He walked slowly and with caution, as if he feared falling into some open grave concealed by the tall grass. This strange apparition surprised but did not alarm, and taking such a course as to intercept him I met him almost face to face, accosting him with the familiar salutation, "God keep you."

He gave no heed, nor did he arrest his pace.

"Good stranger," I continued, "I am ill and lost. Direct me, I beseech you, to Carcosa."

The man broke into a barbarous chant in an unknown tongue, passing on and away.

An owl on the branch of a decayed tree hooted dismally and was answered by another in the distance. Looking upward, I saw through a sudden rift in the clouds Aldebaran and the Hyades! In all this there was a hint of night--the lynx, the man with the torch, the owl. Yet I saw--I saw even the stars in absence of the darkness. I saw, but was apparently not seen nor heard. Under what awful spell did I exist?

I seated myself at the root of a great tree, seriously to consider what it were best to do. That I was mad I could no longer doubt, yet recognized a ground of doubt in the conviction. Of fever I had no trace. I had, withal, a sense of exhilaration and vigor altogether unknown to me--a feeling of mental and physical exaltation. My senses seemed all alert; I could feel the air as a ponderous substance; I could hear the silence.

A great root of the giant tree against whose trunk I leaned as I sat held inclosed in its grasp a slab of stone, a part of which protruded into a recess formed by another root. The stone was thus partly protected from the weather, though greatly decomposed. Its edges were worn round, its corners eaten away, its surface deeply furrowed and scaled. Glittering particles of mica were visible in the earth about it--vestiges of its decomposition. This stone had apparently marked the grave out of which the tree had sprung ages ago. The tree's exacting roots had robbed the grave and made the stone a prisoner.

A sudden wind pushed some dry leaves and twigs from the uppermost face of the stone; I saw the low-relief letters of an inscription and bent to read it. God in Heaven! MY name in full!--the date of MY birth!--the date of MY death!

A level shaft of light illuminated the whole side of the tree as I sprang to my feet in terror. The sun was rising in the rosy east. I stood between the tree and his broad red disk--no shadow darkened the trunk!

A chorus of howling wolves saluted the dawn. I saw them sitting on their haunches, singly and in groups, on the summits of irregular mounds and tumuli filling a half of my desert prospect and extending

to the horizon. And then I knew that these were ruins of the ancient and famous city of Carcosa.

Such are the facts imparted to the medium Bayrolles by the spirit  
Hoseib Alar Robardin.

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## **The Chinese Nightingale**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Chinese Nightingale*, by Vachel Lindsay

A Song in Chinese Tapestries

"How, how," he said. "Friend Chang," I said,  
"San Francisco sleeps as the dead--  
Ended license, lust and play:  
Why do you iron the night away?  
Your big clock speaks with a deadly sound,  
With a tick and a wail till dawn comes round.  
While the monster shadows glower and creep,  
What can be better for man than sleep?"

"I will tell you a secret," Chang replied;  
"My breast with vision is satisfied,  
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,  
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings."  
Then he lit five fire-crackers in a pan.  
"Pop, pop," said the fire-crackers, "cra-cra-crack."  
He lit a joss stick long and black.  
Then the proud gray joss in the corner stirred;  
On his wrist appeared a gray small bird,  
And this was the song of the gray small bird:  
"Where is the princess, loved forever,  
Who made Chang first of the kings of men?"

And the joss in the corner stirred again;  
And the carved dog, curled in his arms, awoke,  
Barked forth a smoke-cloud that whirled and broke.  
It piled in a maze round the ironing-place,  
And there on the snowy table wide  
Stood a Chinese lady of high degree,  
With a scornful, witching, tea-rose face....  
Yet she put away all form and pride,  
And laid her glimmering veil aside  
With a childlike smile for Chang and for me.



The walls fell back, night was aflower,  
The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,  
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,  
Ironed and ironed, all alone.

And thus she sang to the busy man Chang:

"Have you forgotten....

Deep in the ages, long, long ago,  
I was your sweetheart, there on the sand--  
Storm-worn beach of the Chinese land?  
We sold our grain in the peacock town  
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown--  
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown....

"When all the world was drinking blood  
From the skulls of men and bulls  
And all the world had swords and clubs of stone,  
We drank our tea in China beneath the sacred spice-trees,  
And heard the curled waves of the harbor moan.  
And this gray bird, in Love's first spring,  
With a bright-bronze breast and a bronze-brown wing,  
Captured the world with his carolling.  
Do you remember, ages after,  
At last the world we were born to own?  
You were the heir of the yellow throne--  
The world was the field of the Chinese man  
And we were the pride of the Sons of Han?  
We copied deep books and we carved in jade,  
And wove blue silks in the mulberry shade...."

"I remember, I remember  
That Spring came on forever,  
That Spring came on forever,"  
Said the Chinese nightingale.

My heart was filled with marvel and dream,  
Though I saw the western street-lamps gleam,  
Though dawn was bringing the western day,  
Though Chang was a laundryman ironing away....  
Mingled there with the streets and alleys,  
The railroad-yard and the clock-tower bright,  
Demon clouds crossed ancient valleys;  
Across wide lotus-ponds of light  
I marked a giant firefly's flight.

And the lady, rosy-red,  
Flourished her fan, her shimmering fan,  
Stretched her hand toward Chang, and said:  
"Do you remember,

Ages after,  
Our palace of heart-red stone?  
Do you remember  
The little doll-faced children  
With their lanterns full of moon-fire,  
That came from all the empire  
Honoring the throne?--  
The loveliest fête and carnival  
Our world had ever known?  
The sages sat about us  
With their heads bowed in their beards,  
With proper meditation on the sight.  
Confucius was not born;  
We lived in those great days  
Confucius later said were lived aright....  
And this gray bird, on that day of spring,  
With a bright bronze breast, and a bronze-brown wing,  
Captured the world with his carolling.  
Late at night his tune was spent.  
Peasants,  
Sages,  
Children,  
Homeward went,  
And then the bronze bird sang for you and me.  
We walked alone. Our hearts were high and free.  
I had a silvery name, I had a silvery name,  
I had a silvery name--do you remember  
The name you cried beside the tumbling sea?"

Chang turned not to the lady slim--  
He bent to his work, ironing away;  
But she was arch, and knowing and glowing,  
And the bird on his shoulder spoke for him.

"Darling ... darling ... darling ... darling ..."  
Said the Chinese nightingale.

The great gray joss on a rustic shelf,  
Rakish and shrewd, with his collar awry,  
Sang impolitely, as though by himself,  
Drowning with his bellowing the nightingale's cry:  
"Back through a hundred, hundred years  
Hear the waves as they climb the piers,  
Hear the howl of the silver seas,  
Hear the thunder.  
Hear the gongs of holy China  
How the waves and tunes combine  
In a rhythmic clashing wonder,  
Incantation old and fine:

'Dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons,  
Red fire-crackers, and green fire-crackers,  
And dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons.'

Then the lady, rosy-red,  
Turned to her lover Chang and said:  
"Dare you forget that turquoise dawn  
When we stood in our mist-hung velvet lawn,  
And worked a spell this great joss taught  
Till a God of the Dragons was charmed and caught?  
From the flag high over our palace home  
He flew to our feet in rainbow-foam--  
A king of beauty and tempest and thunder  
Panting to tear our sorrows asunder.  
A dragon of fair adventure and wonder.  
We mounted the back of that royal slave  
With thoughts of desire that were noble and grave.  
We swam down the shore to the dragon-mountains,  
We whirled to the peaks and the fiery fountains.  
To our secret ivory house we were bourne.  
We looked down the wonderful wing-filled regions  
Where the dragons darted in glimmering legions.  
Right by my breast the nightingale sang;  
The old rhymes rang in the sunlit mist  
That we this hour regain--  
Song-fire for the brain.  
When my hands and my hair and my feet you kissed,  
When you cried for your heart's new pain,  
What was my name in the dragon-mist,  
In the rings of rainbowed rain?"

"Sorrow and love, glory and love,"  
Said the Chinese nightingale.  
"Sorrow and love, glory and love,"  
Said the Chinese nightingale.

And now the joss broke in with his song:  
"Dying ember, bird of Chang,  
Soul of Chang, do you remember?--  
Ere you returned to the shining harbor  
There were pirates by ten thousand  
Descended on the town  
In vessels mountain-high and red and brown,  
Moon-ships that climbed the storms and cut the skies.  
On their prows were painted terrible bright eyes.  
But I was then a wizard and a scholar and a priest;  
I stood upon the sand;  
With lifted hand I looked upon them  
And sunk their vessels with my wizard eyes,

And the stately lacquer-gate made safe again.  
Deep, deep below the bay, the sea-weed and the spray,  
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies,  
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies."

Then this did the noble lady say:  
"Bird, do you dream of our home-coming day  
When you flew like a courier on before  
From the dragon-peak to our palace-door,  
And we drove the steed in your singing path--  
The ramping dragon of laughter and wrath:  
And found our city all aglow,  
And knighted this joss that decked it so?  
There were golden fishes in the purple river  
And silver fishes and rainbow fishes.  
There were golden junks in the laughing river,  
And silver junks and rainbow junks:  
There were golden lilies by the bay and river,  
And silver lilies and tiger-lilies,  
And tinkling wind-bells in the gardens of the town  
By the black-lacquer gate  
Where walked in state  
The kind king Chang  
And his sweet-heart mate....  
With his flag-born dragon  
And his crown of pearl ... and ... jade,  
And his nightingale reigning in the mulberry shade,  
And sailors and soldiers on the sea-sands brown,  
And priests who bowed them down to your song--  
By the city called Han, the peacock town,  
By the city called Han, the nightingale town,  
The nightingale town."

Then sang the bird, so strangely gay,  
Fluttering, fluttering, ghostly and gray,  
A vague, unravelling, final tune,  
Like a long unwinding silk cocoon;  
Sang as though for the soul of him  
Who ironed away in that bower dim:--  
"I have forgotten  
Your dragons great,  
Merry and mad and friendly and bold.  
Dim is your proud lost palace-gate.  
I vaguely know  
There were heroes of old,  
Troubles more than the heart could hold,  
There were wolves in the woods  
Yet lambs in the fold,  
Nests in the top of the almond tree....

The evergreen tree ... and the mulberry tree ...  
Life and hurry and joy forgotten,  
Years on years I but half-remember ...  
Man is a torch, then ashes soon,  
May and June, then dead December,  
Dead December, then again June.  
Who shall end my dream's confusion?  
Life is a loom, weaving illusion...  
I remember, I remember  
There were ghostly veils and laces...  
In the shadowy bowery places...  
With lovers' ardent faces  
Bending to one another,  
Speaking each his part.  
They infinitely echo  
In the red cave of my heart.  
'Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart.'  
They said to one another.  
They spoke, I think, of perils past.  
They spoke, I think, of peace at last.  
One thing I remember:  
Spring came on forever,  
Spring came on forever,"  
Said the Chinese nightingale.

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## CITY TREES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Second April*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

The trees along this city street,  
Save for the traffic and the trains,  
Would make a sound as thin and sweet  
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in their shade  
Out of a shower, undoubtedly  
Would hear such music as is made  
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb  
Against the shrieking city air,  
I watch you when the wind has come,--  
I know what sound is there.

---

## A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poetical Works* of William Cullen Bryant

*"Decolor, obscurus, vilis, non ille repexam  
Cesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat  
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu  
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,  
Tunc superat pulchroa cultus et quicquid Eois  
Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga."*

CLAUDIAN.

I sat beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped  
With Newport coal, and as the flame grew bright  
--The many-colored flame--and played and leaped,  
I thought of rainbows, and the northern light,  
Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,  
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

And last I thought of that fair isle which sent  
The mineral fuel; on a summer day  
I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,  
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the hollow way.  
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over stone--  
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew  
The deep-worn path, and horror-struck, I thought,  
Where will this dreary passage lead me to?  
This long dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot?  
I looked to see it dive in earth outright;  
I looked--but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,  
At once a lovely isle before me lay,  
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,  
As if just risen from its calm inland bay;  
Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,  
And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped; the heavy sheaves  
Lay on the stubble-field; the tall maize stood  
Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves,  
And bright the sunlight played on the young wood--  
For fifty years ago, the old men say,

The Briton hewed their ancient groves away.

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,  
And where the pleasant road, from door to door,  
With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,  
Went wandering all that fertile region o'er--  
Rogue's Island once--but when the rogues were dead,  
Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed  
A lovely stranger; it has grown a friend.  
I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed  
How soon that green and quiet isle would send  
The treasures of its womb across the sea,  
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite! that reddened on my hearth,  
Thou in those island mines didst slumber long;  
But now thou art come forth to move the earth,  
And put to shame the men that mean thee wrong:  
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,  
And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully--they who mocked  
Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn;  
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,  
And grew profane, and swore, in bitter scorn,  
That men might to thy inner caves retire,  
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,  
That I too have seen greatness--even I--  
Shook hands with Adams, stared at La Fayette,  
When, barehead, in the hot noon of July,  
He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,  
For which three cheers burst from the mob before him.

And I have seen--not many months ago--  
An eastern Governor in chapeau bras  
And military coat, a glorious show!  
Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah!  
How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan!  
How many hands were shook and votes were won!

'Twas a great Governor; thou too shalt be  
Great in thy turn, and wide shall spread thy fame  
And swiftly; furthest Maine shall hear of thee,  
And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name;  
And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle

That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat  
The hissing rivers into steam, and drive  
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,  
Walking their steady way, as if alive,  
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,  
And South as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,  
Like its own monsters--boats that for a guinea  
Will take a man to Havre--and shalt be  
The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,  
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear  
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at winter when we hear  
The grim old churl about our dwellings rave:  
Thou, from that "ruler of the inverted year,"  
Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,  
And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,  
And melt the icicles from off his chin.

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THE CALIPH, CUPID AND THE CLOCK  
The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Four Million,  
by O. Henry

Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Vallenga, sat  
on his favourite bench in the park. The coolness  
of the September night  
quickened the life in him like a rare, tonic wine.  
The benches were not filled; for park loungers,  
with their stagnant blood, are  
prompt to detect and fly home from the crispness  
of early autumn. The moon was just clearing the  
roofs of the range of dwellings  
that bounded the quadrangle on the east. Children  
laughed and played about the fine-sprayed  
fountain. In the shadowed spots  
fauns and hamadryads wooed, unconscious of the  
gaze of mortal eyes. A hand organ—Philomel by  
the grace of our stage

carpenter, Fancy—fluted and droned in a side  
street. Around the enchanted boundaries of the  
little park street cars spat and  
mewed and the stilted trains roared like tigers and  
lions prowling for a place to enter. And above the  
trees shone the great, round,  
shining face of an illuminated clock in the tower  
of an antique public building.

Prince Michael's shoes were wrecked far beyond  
the skill of the carefulest cobbler. The ragman  
would have declined any  
negotiations concerning his clothes. The two  
weeks' stubble on his face was grey and brown  
and red and greenish yellow—as if  
it had been made up from individual contributions  
from the chorus of a musical comedy. No man  
existed who had money enough  
to wear so bad a hat as his.



Prince Michael sat on his favourite bench and smiled. It was a diverting thought to him that he was wealthy enough to buy every one of those close-ranged, bulky, window-lit mansions that faced him, if he chose. He could have matched gold, equipages, jewels, art treasures, estates and acres with any Croesus in this proud city of Manhattan, and scarcely have entered upon the bulk of his holdings. He could have sat at table with reigning sovereigns. The social world, the world of art, the fellowship of the elect, adulation, imitation, the homage of the fairest, honours from the highest, praise from the wisest, flattery, esteem, credit, pleasure, fame—all the honey of life was waiting in the comb in the hive of the world for Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valleluna, whenever he might choose to take it. But his choice was to sit in rags and dinginess on a bench in a park. For he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of life, and, finding it bitter in his mouth, had stepped out of Eden for a time to seek distraction close to the unarmoured, beating heart of the world.

These thoughts strayed dreamily through the mind of Prince Michael, as he smiled under the stubble of his polychromatic beard.

Lounging thus, clad as the poorest of mendicants in the parks, he loved to study humanity. He found in altruism more pleasure than his riches, his station and all the grosser sweets of life had given him. It was his chief solace and satisfaction to alleviate individual distress, to confer favours upon worthy ones who had need of succour, to dazzle unfortunates by unexpected and bewildering gifts of truly royal magnificence, bestowed, however, with wisdom and judiciousness.

And as Prince Michael's eye rested upon the glowing face of the great clock in the tower, his smile, altruistic as it was, became slightly tinged with contempt. Big thoughts were the Prince's; and it was always with a shake of his head that he considered the subjugation of the world to the arbitrary measures

of Time. The comings and goings of people in hurry and dread, controlled by the little metal moving hands of a clock, always made him sad.

By and by came a young man in evening clothes and sat upon the third bench from the Prince. For half an hour he smoked cigars with nervous haste, and then he fell to watching the face of the illuminated clock above the trees. His perturbation was evident, and the Prince noted, in sorrow, that its cause was connected, in some manner, with the slowly moving hands of the timepiece.

His Highness arose and went to the young man's bench.

"I beg your pardon for addressing you," he said, "but I perceive that you are disturbed in mind. If it may serve to mitigate the liberty I have taken I will add that I am Prince Michael, heir to the throne of the Electorate of Valleluna. I appear incognito, of course, as you may gather from my appearance. It is a fancy of mine to render aid to others whom I think worthy of it. Perhaps the matter that seems to distress you is one that would more readily yield to our mutual efforts."

The young man looked up brightly at the Prince. Brightly, but the perpendicular line of perplexity between his brows was not smoothed away. He laughed, and even then it did not. But he accepted the momentary diversion.

"Glad to meet you, Prince," he said, good humouredly. "Yes, I'd say you were incog. all right. Thanks for your offer of assistance—but I don't see where your butting-in would help things any. It's a kind of private affair, you know—but thanks all the same."

Prince Michael sat at the young man's side. He was often rebuffed but never offensively. His courteous manner and words forbade that.

"Clocks," said the Prince, "are shackles on the feet of mankind. I have observed you looking persistently at that clock. Its face is that of a tyrant, its numbers are false as those on a lottery ticket; its hands are those of a bunco steerer, who makes an appointment with you to your ruin. Let me entreat you to throw off its humiliating bonds and to cease to order your affairs by that insensate monitor of brass and steel."

"I don't usually," said the young man. "I carry a watch except when I've got my radiant rags on."

"I know human nature as I do the trees and grass," said the Prince, with earnest dignity. "I am a master of philosophy, a graduate in art, and I hold the purse of a Fortunatus. There are few mortal misfortunes that I cannot alleviate or overcome. I have read your countenance, and found in it honesty and nobility as well as distress. I beg of you to accept my advice or aid. Do not belie the intelligence I see in your face by judging from my appearance of my ability to defeat your troubles."

The young man glanced at the clock again and frowned darkly. When his gaze strayed from the glowing horologue of time it rested intently upon a four-story red brick house in the row of dwellings opposite to where he sat. The shades were drawn, and the lights in many rooms shone dimly through them.

"Ten minutes to nine!" exclaimed the young man, with an impatient gesture of despair. He turned his back upon the house and took a rapid step or two in a contrary direction.

"Remain!" commanded Prince Michael, in so potent a voice that the disturbed one wheeled around with a somewhat chagrined laugh.

"I'll give her the ten minutes and then I'm off," he muttered, and then aloud to the Prince: "I'll join you in confounding all clocks, my friend, and throw in women, too."

"Sit down," said the Prince calmly. "I do not accept your addition. Women are the natural enemies of clocks, and, therefore, the allies of those who would seek liberation from these monsters that measure our follies and limit our pleasures. If you will so far confide in me I would ask you to relate to me your story."

The young man threw himself upon the bench with a reckless laugh.

"Your Royal Highness, I will," he said, in tones of mock deference. "Do you see yonder house—the one with three upper windows lighted? Well, at 6 o'clock I stood in that house with the young lady I am—that is, I was—engaged to. I had been doing wrong, my dear Prince—I had been a naughty boy, and she had heard of it. I wanted to be forgiven, of course—we are always wanting women to forgive us, aren't we, Prince?"

"I want time to think it over," said she. "There is one thing certain; I will either fully forgive you, or I will never see your face again. There will be no half-way business. At half-past eight," she said, "at exactly half-past eight you may be watching the middle upper window of the top floor. If I decide to forgive I will hang out of that window a white silk scarf. You will know by that that all is as was before, and you may come to me. If you see no scarf you may consider that everything between us is ended forever." That," concluded the young man bitterly, "is why I have been watching that clock. The time for the signal to appear has passed twenty-three minutes ago. Do you wonder that I am a little disturbed, my Prince of Rags and Whiskers?"

"Let me repeat to you," said Prince Michael, in his even, well-modulated tones, "that women are the natural enemies of clocks. Clocks are an evil, women a blessing. The signal may yet appear."

"Never, on your principality!" exclaimed the young man, hopelessly. "You don't know Marian—of course. She's always on time, to the minute. That was the first thing about her that attracted me. I've got the mitten instead of the scarf. I ought to have known at 8.31 that my goose was cooked. I'll go West on the 11.45 to-night with Jack Milburn. The jig's up. I'll try Jack's ranch awhile and top off with the Klondike and whiskey. Good-night—er—er—Prince."

Prince Michael smiled his enigmatic, gentle, comprehending smile and caught the coat sleeve of the other. The brilliant light in the Prince's eyes was softening to a dreamier, cloudy translucence.

"Wait," he said solemnly, "till the clock strikes. I have wealth and power and knowledge above most men, but when the clock strikes I am afraid. Stay by me until then. This woman shall be yours. You have the word of the hereditary Prince of Valleluna. On the day of your marriage I will give you \$100,000 and a palace on the Hudson. But there must be no clocks in that palace—they measure our follies and limit our pleasures. Do you agree to that?"

"Of course," said the young man, cheerfully, "they're a nuisance, anyway—always ticking and striking and getting you late for dinner."

He glanced again at the clock in the tower. The hands stood at three minutes to nine.

"I think," said Prince Michael, "that I will sleep a little. The day has been fatiguing."

He stretched himself upon a bench with the manner of one who had slept thus before.

"You will find me in this park on any evening when the weather is suitable," said the Prince, sleepily. "Come to me when your marriage day is set and I will give you a cheque for the money."

"Thanks, Your Highness," said the young man, seriously. "It doesn't look as if I would need that palace on the Hudson, but I appreciate your offer, just the same."

Prince Michael sank into deep slumber. His battered hat rolled from the bench to the ground. The young man lifted it, placed it over the frowsy face and moved one of the grotesquely relaxed limbs into a more comfortable position. "Poor devil!" he said, as he drew the tattered clothes closer about the Prince's breast.

Sonorous and startling came the stroke of 9 from the clock tower. The young man sighed again, turned his face for one last look at the house of his relinquished hopes—and cried aloud profane words of holy rapture.

From the middle upper window blossomed in the dusk a waving, snowy, fluttering, wonderful, divine emblem of forgiveness and promised joy.

By came a citizen, rotund, comfortable, home-hurrying, unknowing of the delights of waving silken scarfs on the borders of dimly-lit parks.

"Will you oblige me with the time, sir?" asked the young man; and the citizen, shrewdly conjecturing his watch to be safe, dragged it out and announced:

"Twenty-nine and a half minutes past eight, sir."

And then, from habit, he glanced at the clock in the tower, and made further oration.

"By George! that clock's half an hour fast! First time in ten years I've known it to be off. This watch of mine never varies a—"

But the citizen was talking to vacancy. He turned and saw his hearer, a fast receding black shadow, flying in the direction of a house with three lighted upper windows.

And in the morning came along two policemen on their way to the beats they owned. The park was deserted save for one dilapidated figure that sprawled, asleep, on a bench. They stopped and gazed upon it.

"It's Dopy Mike," said one. "He hits the pipe every night. Park bum for twenty years. On his last legs, I guess."

The other policeman stooped and looked at

something crumpled and crisp in the hand of the sleeper.

"Gee!" he remarked. "He's doped out a fifty-dollar bill, anyway. Wish I knew the brand of hop that he smokes."

And then "Rap, rap, rap!" went the club of realism against the shoe soles of Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valleluna.

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